The New REPUBLIC

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Fall Literary Number

The Nietzschean Line

by EDMUND WILSON

Seven Poems

by W. B. YEATS

Book reviews by

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

JUDGING from the Berlin dispatches on the convening of the new Reichstag, the future of the German Fascists depends on whether the Germans' sense of humor can be overcome by their sense of grievance. Like the bad boys in a comic strip, Fascist youths concealed stones in their pockets, broke show windows and then ran before the police could arrive. Scarcely an impressive challenge to the Republic! The Hitlerite delegates in the Reichstag solemnly marched to their seats dressed up in brown shirts and riding breeches—a sight so novel in the halls accustomed to more formal garb that the assembly burst into laughter. The line between impressive theatricality and ludicrous play acting is thin; we flatter ourselves that no pompous Mussolini could have got by with his nonsense in our hard-headed land. Perhaps the Germans are not so easily herded into adoration of mock-heroic poses as are the Italians. Nevertheless, we must remember that whether any given attitude is impressive depends largely on the validity of the emotion behind it. If the occasion is such as to stir heroic passions, you can have a hero. And the Germans are not without material for a genuinely heroic nationalist movement in protest against the injustice of the Treaty of Versailles and the hardships imposed by the reparations payments. Without these, Hitlerism would be laughed out of public life in a fortnight; with them, the future is uncertain.

HOW difficult is the task of any German government which attempts to live up to the reparations agreement may be inferred from the fact that the Reich has just had to borrow $125,000,000 abroad to meet the deficit in its budget. If Germany is to collect within the country enough money to pay necessary governmental expenses, as well as foreign debts and reparations, she must increase taxes to an extent which no German party can support without losing public favor, especially in the midst of a profound industrial depression. Of course Germany can continue to pay reparations as she has in the past, and also can continue to have budgetary deficits as long as she can borrow enough abroad. Our insistence on being paid is feasible while we lend the money which we are to receive. But it must be a little disquieting to adherents of the War settlement that neither French nor British interests took any part of the present "international" loan, which is in reality largely an American affair. Everybody knows that the safety of the loan depends entirely on the maintenance of political stability in Germany, and this is seriously endangered by the economic situation. Do we vaguely remember that the Young Plan was to be a "final and definitive settlement," and that it was to "take reparations out of politics?"

THE most interesting thing about this year's political campaign is the forthright way in which party lines are being obliterated under the pressure of genuine differences of opinion on matters which are not an issue between the parties. In Pennsylvania, for instance, Gifford Pinchot, the Republican nominee for Governor, has been deserted by forty-seven out of forty-eight Republican ward leaders, who have gone over to the "Democratic-Liberal"

candidate, John M. Hemphill. Pinchot's bitter enemy, General W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has resigned from the Republican National Committee rather than support the campaign. The excuse offered for the defections is that Pinchot is a Dry, but a reason which is probably more important in most cases is that he is independent, intelligent and progressive, refusing to take dictation from the power trust, the manufacturers' association or their tool, the Republican machine.

IN Minnesota, the blind Senator, Thomas D. Schall, is the Republican candidate to succeed himself, and the conservative Republican paper, The Minneapolis Journal, is leading a procession of conservatives into the camp of his Democratic opponent, Einar Hoidale. In Montana, a similar situation has developed with the parties reversed. Senator T. J. Walsh, who will long be remembered for his brilliant work in uncovering the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil scandals, is being knifed by conservative Democrats, many of whom will vote for his opponent, Albert J. Galen. In Illinois, likewise, party boundaries are being broken, with prohibition for once the genuine reason. Former Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, the Democratic nominee, is a Wet; and although his Republican opponent, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, has agreed to vote against prohibition if a majority of her constituents should wish it, she is herself a prohibitionist, and is certain to lose many Wet Republican votes on that account.

IN Nebraska, as our readers know, many Tory Republicans intend to support the Democratic senatorial candidate, Gilbert M. Hitchcock, instead of the progressive George W. Norris, who is again the candidate of their own party. Throughout the country, the politicians of both parties expect that hundreds of thousands of Republicans, who voted for Hoover in 1928, will vote the Democratic ticket this year in protest against hard times. The jubilant Democrats expect to win five seats in the Senate and lose only one, which would give them a safe majority whenever they were in agreement with the insurgent Republicans. In the House they are claiming a gain of no fewer than fifty-three seats, more than they would need for control.

THE British Labor government has declined to yield to the pressure exerted on the Imperial Conference, both from the ruling powers in the dominions and the Conservatives at home, to create a tariff wall around the British Commonwealth. Chancellor Snowden and President Graham of the Board of Trade are indeed ready to abandon a dogmatic free-trade position—which is fundamentally inconsistent with socialist theory—by instituting governmental control of purchasing, or block buying and selling, with inter-imperial preference. But they are realistic enough to see that any attempt to make the Empire a completely self-sustaining economic unit would be injurious to those large sections of industry which must buy or sell in Europe and other non-British territories. The narrow economic nationalism of the protective-tariff doctrine is just as foreign to socialism as to economic good sense. While the socialists distrust *laissez-faire,* they also want to build their controlled economy on a world-wide basis. The misfortune is that the United States has just given the world a supremely bad example of protectionist policy. Though it is injuring and will continue to injure our own prosperity as much as that of other nations, it is forcing their hands. The Smoot-Hawley Bill will undoubtedly be counted by future historians a great obstacle to economic recovery and a great impetus to international hostility. It may prove to have been a turning point in the fortunes of capitalism and peace.

A SELDOM mentioned difficulty in the way of Indian appeasement was pointed out in a recent speech in London by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, whose name is familiar to readers of The New Republic. The dominions are now, within the Empire, the full equals of the United Kingdom. How, then, can the British government admit India to dominion status without the consent of the other members of the Commonwealth? And it is possible that they may object, because of their laws against Asiatic immigration. Indians, as citizens of the British Commonwealth, would probably claim the right to move freely anywhere within it. This is a real difficulty, but it seems to us capable of solution. After all, if this were the only obstacle to Indian self-government, the logical answer would be to give India independence outside the Empire. And if it is not the only obstacle, it ought not to be used to cloak a reluctance to meet the others. It is quite possible that the Indian representatives might be willing to waive the right to emigrate anywhere within the Empire, if their main demands could be satisfied.

LIKE most advocates of a high tariff, Mr. Irving T. Bush of New York is not so hot for it when it imposes a duty on what he wants to buy. He was recently fined $83,000 by the customs authorities for failing to declare $40,000 worth of jewelry brought in by him and Mrs. Bush on their return from a wedding trip abroad. We sympathize with Mr. Bush's reluctance to have to pay a high duty on something just because it was purchased elsewhere, but we wonder how anyone who feels this way—and almost everyone does when put to the test—cannot see the relation of his feeling to the whole protective policy. Why should not any American consumer be entitled to better or cheaper articles whenever such articles are made abroad? And why should we not, by this trade, help foreigners to buy here the goods which we make better or cheaper? That we do make a multitude of

such articles is an economic commonplace. Mr. Bush ought now to understand what a ridiculous thing it is that he should be forced to support the less efficient American industries, at the expense of the more efficient. For, at the very least, he will now have $43,000 less to spend for the products of American labor.

THE joint report on the Centralia case just made public by the Federal Council of Churches, the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Central Conference of American Rabbis gives further impetus to the movement to free the six men who are serving brutally long sentences in the Walla Walla penitentiary. The report points out in no uncertain terms that conspiracy to kill was not proved by the state, that the men had a legal right to defend their hall against the barbarous attack by the crazed mob, that no efforts were made to prosecute the leaders of this mob and that in the light of all these extenuating circumstances the men were given unjustifiably long sentences. This has been the contention of The New Republic right along. The men should be freed. The joint report certainly gives the citizens of Washington, unless they believe that the name of their state is writ in words of stainless steel, an excellent opportunity not only to eradicate the blot gracefully, but with no particular damage to their self-esteem or pride.

THE United States Department of Labor has received a well deserved rebuke from Federal Judge William Bondy, who has recently heard the case of Guido Serio. As our readers may remember, Serio is an Italian Communist, arrested in the United States for making a Communist speech, and ordered deported. Although in such cases it has been customary for the government to permit an alien to depart voluntarily, paying his own expenses, and go wherever he pleases, the immigration officials have insisted that Serio be returned to Italy and nowhere else. Since he is almost certain to be put to death on a charge of treason by the Mussolini government, the policy of the Department of Labor amounts to an attempt to get him murdered, although his only crime is to be a member of the Communist party—which is a legal organization in the United States—and to make an orthodox Communist speech. Judge Bondy, after hearing the case in court, remarked: "In the administration of law, why not use a little common sense? If I were Secretary of Labor I would let this man go where he wants to go." He asked Serio's attorneys to take up the case again with the Department of Labor, promising to consider it further if the officials in Washington continued firm in their desire to get Serio killed. It would be most interesting to discover the reason for the sudden animus against Serio on the part of these officials, who presumably never had heard of him until he was arrested. Did the Italian ambassador, by any chance, make representations to the Department, because of Mussolini's eagerness to get his hands on this enemy of his regime? Let us hope that some spokesman for the Department will come forward and enlighten us.

A GROUP of distinguished men and women from several countries have united in an appeal to the governments of the world for the abolition of military training. Among the signers are Jane Addams, Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, John Dewey, Rabindranath Tagore, August Forel, Selma Lagerlöf, Thomas Mann, H. W. Nevinson, Bertrand Russell, Upton Sinclair, H. G. Wells and Stefan Zweig. They point out that nearly all important nations have now signed the Kellogg Peace Pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, and they argue, with obvious good sense, that military training for the young, whether it is supported by law or by the pressure of artificially created public opinion, is incompatible with these declarations. It goes without saying that the governments will pay not the least attention to the words of these distinguished men and women. We are glad, nevertheless, that they should have taken the trouble to stand up and be counted in opposition to the madness of militarism.

NOBODY who is free and living softly has the right to dogmatize about the action of the convicted Communists in the Gastonia case, who have jumped their bail, refusing to go back and serve their sentences. They had to make an extremely difficult personal choice as to whether they would remain at liberty and continue to work (outside the United States) for the cause to which they are fanatically devoted, or go to prison, some of them for many years, under abominable conditions, when they firmly believe they were unjustly convicted by a capitalist-controlled court, as victims of a class war. Many of those who are now berating them would, we think, follow the same course in the same circumstances. It remains true that their action has created great difficulties in the case of future trials where radicals are the defendants. The American Civil Liberties Union put up the bail for these defendants, and unless the Communists pay it back, which thus far they show no signs of doing, the Union has lost $28,000, $18,000 in Gastonia, and $10,000 in a Michigan case, in which Fred Beal, one of the Gastonia defendants, was the principal. The Union, not unnaturally, has decided that it will furnish no more bail for members of the party, "until the Communist authorities make it clear under adequate guarantees that they will not support or tolerate bail jumping." They point out "the almost insuperable difficulties which the flight of these defendants has placed in the way of obtaining funds and legal defense for free-speech cases involving radical propaganda." The Communists certainly ought to know by now that they cannot play it both ways.

NOT since the days of Polonius has the world heard such gratuitous wisdom as issues from the unhappy town of Northampton. Though such wisdom would be perfectly in place if it emerged from a man whose feet were on a country-store stove and whose mouth was full of crackers, yet when it is published in a special place in one of our great American dailies under the legend "Calvin Coolidge Says," then it is high time to call a halt. Perhaps if someone should move the cracker barrel into the back room, douse the lights and throw a bucket of water on the stove, it might help a little. However, we have a horrid suspicion that this would not be enough to shut our Calvin up. For before we knew it, the Seer would be down at the corner drug store, hanging onto the sidewalk awning and continuing his strictures against revolution, discontent and whatnot, while all the vast country snored.

IF Roger W. Babson had not become famous for predicting the stock-market crash last fall, he would now deserve immortality for saying that "business depressions are caused by dissipation, dishonesty, disobedience to God's will—a general collapse of moral character." They may be cured, he states "by moral awakening, spiritual revival and the rehabilitation of righteousness." The proper agency through which to work in order to bring back prosperity, he believes, is the Young Men's Christian Association. Perhaps our understanding is faulty, but we had always supposed that Mr. Babson's theory of prosperity and depression was based on the dictum that in economic affairs, as in physics, there is a law of equal and opposite action and reaction. What about his curve going above and below a "normal" line, and his assertion that by measuring the area above normal one can predict the next movement of business below? But possibly the two Babson theories can be reconciled. Action and reaction may be as inevitable in morals as in production and employment. Perhaps after a period of goodness we have to be just as bad as we have been good. The road to stability would then be a sort of easy-going neutrality between the angels and the devil, in which aggressive goodness would be strictly avoided for fear of the succeeding sin. At any rate Mr. Babson now has an alibi in case his recent predictions of stock-market recovery continue to fail. It is simply that we have not joined the Y. M. C. A.

A NEW argument is being employed by those who want Congress to continue for another year the one-percent tax reduction voted for 1930. It is not that we shall have enough revenue to meet current expenses and debt payments without raising tax rates. Quite the contrary. If we do not raise taxes we shall have to borrow money. But government bonds are legal reserves for the banks, and their issuance will tend to make credit still easier and thus provide inflation to counteract the business depression. This is an ingenious argument, which is not likely to be pressed in public, but which may sway governmental authorities. Needless to say, it would be a humiliating reversal of the policy of the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton," whose main boast has been that he has so rapidly reduced the public debt.

Coffee and Revolution in Brazil

THE Brazilian revolution, like most others, may be attributed either to a series of specific events, of more or less transitory significance, or to fundamental, long continued conditions. As in the three immediately preceding South American revolutions, the real causes are essentially economic. A look at a few figures makes it relatively easy to discuss these causes objectively. The political events are more difficult to interpret, both because of the lack of reliable information and because of the difficulty of judging the public reaction to these intangible factors.

The significant political fact is the revolutionists' objection to the continued influence of President Washington Luiz. He selected for his successor another Sao Paolo politician, Dr. Prestes, an amiable but week figure through whom Luiz expected to continue to control the national government. This selection violated the agreement for genuine rotation in office. Grave charges of fraud and violence, including the assassination of the Liberal candidate for the vice-presidency, are brought against the government. The defeated presidential candidate of the Liberal party, Getulio Vargas, of the state of Rio Grande do Sul, is leading the revolution, which has made a successful beginning in his state.

The confusing regional animosities, which have long seemed to threaten secession, doubtless play an important part in the present difficulties, though no separatist movement has yet appeared. The revolution, in its present phase, seems to be a movement of nearly all the important states against the most important one, Sao Paolo. If secession came, Sao Paolo would undoubtedly form the nucleus of a confederation of the wealthier and more progressive states of the South.

But recent political events would probably not of themselves have sufficed to touch off the revolution had it not been for the economic crisis. The precipitous drop in the price of coffee from fourteen cents last year to seven cents this month, and the impossibility of balancing the international payments of the country without either uninterrupted new borrowings or continuous shipments of gold furnish the explanation of Brazil's economic distress.

These troubles had their inception very largely in the establishment in 1924 of the Institute for the Permanent Defense of Coffee. The Institute controlled exports of coffee and financed growers to

withhold their crops from the market. Although these measures, like the wheat purchases of our own Farm Board, were of the most apparent unsoundness as long as production could not be restricted, they found international bankers as eager as usual to facilitate their execution, with the aid of investors' funds. As Brazil normally produces about two-thirds of the world's coffee supply, it was easy, with an abundance of foreign investors' funds, to peg coffee prices for a time, especially during world-wide high prices and unthinking acceptance by the world's capital markets of speculative foreign bonds. (Brazilian bonds recently offered to investors in the nineties are now selling in the forties and fifties.) From 1923 to 1927, Brazilian coffee production averaged about 15,000,000 bags a year. By 1927-1928 it had risen to more than 28,000,000 bags, with the remaining world production at about 9,000,000 bags. World consumption has remained constant at about 23,000,000 bags a year. The world's supply in warehouse has grown from 14,000,000 bags in May, 1929, to nearly 30,000,000 bags at present, or more than a year's supply without any further production. Valorization was abandoned last July, but the debts of the producers to the Institute and the debts of the Brazilian people to foreign bondholders for the financing of these disastrous operations over a six-year period have not been liquidated, and probably cannot be, without substantial cancellations of the principal owed. The economic unsoundness of these operations is most apparent when one considers that every bag of coffee shipped has to be financed for about twenty months on borrowed money costing the producer about 12 percent, thus adding approximately 20 percent of utterly unproductive interest charges to the cost of production.

Borrowing abroad to maintain an artificial coffee valorization and also to permit extravagant, nonproductive public expenditures, has created the present impossible situation in Brazilian international accounts and exchange. The essential data are painfully simple. Brazil's excess of exports over imports has averaged, during the past three years, about $40,000,000 a year. The dead-weight external debt is about $1,100,000,000 and foreign direct investments amount to about $1,200,000,000. (American investments are about $575,000,000, of which more than $400,000,000 are in public bonds.) Interest and dividends on the grand total of $2,300,000,000 may be estimated as a yearly charge of about $161,000,000. The difference between this sum and $40,000,000 has to be met in one of two ways: fresh borrowings or shipments of gold. During the past twelve months foreign borrowing has been difficult, and so more than $60,000,000 in gold has been exported. Meanwhile, of necessity, Brazilian exchange must fall, interest rates soar and sound economic production remain impeded. An international loan of $100,000,000 made this year to bolster up this impossible situation serves in reality only to finance further coffee production at a time when the crying need is for a drastic restriction of output. Curtailment, as every business man knows, can only be effected by enforced liquidation, which the last loan was designed to avert, or at least to postpone.

It is clear that Brazil must reconstruct its entire national economy along new lines of greater economic self-sufficiency and wider crop diversification. A part of such reconstruction must be to grow less coffee, the crop now constituting 70 percent of the total value of Brazilian exports. This, obviously, can only be achieved through a reduction in the number of coffee-bearing trees, which, in turn, can only mean writing off capital assets. Unfortunately, capital liabilities must be written off *pari passu* with the reduction of capital assets.

Fresh loans to pay interest charges cannot stave off indefinitely this unescapable readjustment of the balance sheet, despite the bankers' bond-selling propaganda to the contrary. Nor can Brazilian income in foreign currency be expanded promptly, if at all, in the present world depression and during the necessary period of readjustment to realities. The bankers and creditors will, of course, urge on the debtors as an alternative that they cut down their consumption of goods and reduce their standard of living enough to make up the recurring deficiencies hitherto covered mainly by foreign loans. Popular reaction against this dangerous alternative is, no doubt, at the bottom of the present revolution as it is the breeder of unrest and discontent in other parts of the world. Every worm has his turning point.

The Unpatriotic Bear

THERE is a peculiar pair of terms in speculative language which indicate the public bias toward price movements. Both were in use long before the present depression. Any influences which may force prices up are called "constructive," while those which may lead to lower prices are said to be "destructive." The assumption appears to be that it is normal and desirable for prices always to rise; when they do so the dealer is happy and prosperous. But anyone who does anything to make prices fall is an outcast, almost a Bolshevik.

This bias has recently become intensified and has received two noteworthy public sanctions. The first was Secretary of Agriculture Hyde's expression of horror upon discovering that the Soviet government was selling wheat short in Chicago. The purpose of the indignation was thought by some shrewd observers to be, not to cast mud at Russia, but to make short selling of wheat by anyone discreditable, and so to bring about an upward reaction before the elections. And subsequently the authorities of the New York Stock Exchange declared war on "unscrupulous bear raids" in

stocks. They were wise enough not to appear to attack short selling in general, but only concerted movements based on inside information of the technical market position, or carried out through the circulation of unfounded rumors which might depress shares. Nevertheless, the intention clearly was to do something to discourage speculative selling and stop the fall of stock prices.

It is not clear that the bias in question can be justified on any sound basis. If we regard the various markets as playgrounds for persons who want to make money by speculation, it is theoretically as easy to profit by selling what you haven't got as by buying what you don't pay for. In the first case you win if prices have gone down when you have to deliver what you have sold; in the second case you win if prices go up, so that you can pay for what you have bought out of the proceeds of its resale, and have some left. Whether one should be a bear or a bull ought to depend solely on one's judgment as to the future course of prices. And this judgment is not a matter of morals. It is true, of course, that the majority of amateur speculators try their luck only on the bull side and stay out of the market altogether when they think prices are going to fall. For some reason it seems easier and less dangerous to buy on a margin than to sell short—though it probably isn't. This fact means that the whole stock-dealing industry suffers on a falling market; there is a customers' strike. Nevertheless, consideration for speculators and those who exploit them can hardly serve to justify national indictment of the bear.

If one is to call in the public interest, the case against the bear is even less clear. Falling prices of commodities like wheat are of course deplorable at times when they deprive a substantial number of farmers of a good living. And falling prices of company shares have subtle psychological effects which are often injurious to the public prosperity. Naturally both are unpopular among the majority of non-speculating producers and processors. But are we to assume that bulls are what make prices rise, while bears are what make prices fall? That certainly is not the orthodox economic doctrine; it is a doctrine which is often violently disputed by spokesmen of the exchanges themselves. Prices, they say, are in the long run the result of supply and demand. Successful speculators merely anticipate the future effect of supply and demand. As a matter of fact, the good speculator helps to stabilize prices. He buys when prices are low but due for a rise and sells when prices are high but due for a fall. His purchases thus help to keep up unduly low prices and his sales keep down unduly high ones. According to this theory, short selling on a falling market would either promptly result in losses to the sellers as the market ceased to fall, or would help to adjust prices more quickly to their justified level and so speed the return of prosperity.

There are, of course, good grounds for thinking that speculation has no such stabilizing effect in actual practice. What appears to happen in speculative markets is that prices first swing far above their normal values and then far below them. Speculators are not, by and large, all-wise prophets as to the future of prices; they rush hither and yon like a flock of chickens in front of a motor car. This is particularly true in the stock market. And when the amateur buyers or sellers are not present in sufficient numbers so that the professional insiders are swamped and cannot produce any effect, these interests themselves engage in plots and internecine battles which for appreciable periods drive prices in one direction or another without much regard to the fundamental relations of supply and demand.

If this is a true picture, however, the indictment must rest against the bulls as well as the bears, and is a commentary on our speculative institutions themselves. The authorities should take equal pains to denounce traders who conspire to drive prices up, using inside information to time their activities or spreading false rumors and propaganda to boost the shares in which they are interested. How far either our governmental officials or the rulers of the exchanges have been from undertaking any such activity the history of the bull markets bears witness.

There is a distinct possibility that in the course of time we shall scrap the speculative exchanges as particularly clumsy and mean forms of economic waste. If they are not needed in steel or automobiles, what useful purpose do they serve in wheat or cotton? We cannot, of course, scrap them until buyers and sellers of the commodities in question become sufficiently well organized and informed to do without them. If wheat were sold mainly by great producers' coöperatives to great consumers' coöperatives—a distinct possibility of the future—prices could be determined by direct bargaining, if not by a scientific process, and the pit would have nothing to do. But, so long as we must have speculation, it is ridiculous to make any bones about it. Bears are just as legitimate and useful as bulls—however much that may be. Certainly we cannot do without them—indeed, we need far more of them in periods like 1928 and 1929.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Nietzschean Line

NORMAN DOUGLAS has been aroused by "Mother India" to write an attack on Western civilization ("Goodbye to Western Culture": Harper). His notes on the tyrannies and manias of European as contrasted with Hindu life make an entertaining book; but they represent a line of criticism which is no longer so impressive as it once was.

The oppression of our laws, says Douglas, is much worse than that of an oriental despot. The latter "is uncertain," (he is here quoting another writer) "and leaves to the oppressed chances and hopes of escaping it; it varies with the individual; and those who suffer, if not benefited, are, at least, consoled by the vengeance that, sooner or later, overtakes the guilty. The tyranny of law is a dead and immovable weight, that compresses at once the activity of the limb and the energy of the mind; leaves no hope of redress, no chance of escape; is liable to no responsibility for its acts, or vengeance for its crimes." And in Europe, "an air of pointless preoccupation hangs about like influenza, infecting the sanest and most self-possessed of us. You encounter it in every walk of life and every grade of society: complications and glumness, with feverish streaks in between; in a word, fluster. There is as much grace and dignity in a European existence just now as there is in a fat bourgeoise running after an omnibus. The Americanization of life on this continent may have contributed its share; it has infused a note of impermanence. Gregarious and homeless, fearing solitude as never before, our European is losing his idiosyncrasy. Hustle is his opiate, his refuge from self. . . . Hindus are not afflicted with the fidgets. . . . They do not imagine, like Europeans, that they are driving a machine because they happen to be tangled up in its works." "Why," he finally demands, "does one belong to such a race, so sad and yet so ferocious?"

So far we may heartily agree with Douglas; but it is like Clive Bell's book on "Civilization" and Mencken (both of whom Douglas invokes). We ask, What then?—and we get no answer. What does Douglas propose to do with Western society? How does he propose to bring it back to those traditional virtues which it has abandoned and which he is still able to admire in the East. He would reply, I suppose, that he does not propose to do anything: he is content to live at Capri and get away from it all. He is content to occupy himself with the birds and animals of the Greek anthology, about which he has written a learned book. So Clive Bell merely wants to be let alone to enjoy beautiful pictures and fine wines; and so Mencken is content with his comfort and the hilarious spectacle of his neighbors. When we look for a central point of view in Douglas, we find much the same thing that we do in Mencken: a diluted and inconsistent Nietzscheanism (he has much to say about Nietzsche and his book is dedicated to Oscar Levy, Nietzsche's English translator). Like Mencken, Douglas believes that the illiterate should be left illiterate; that the poor should be left poor; that the socially inferior should be kept in their places. The caste system is one of the things which he most admires in India; and, like Mencken, he has a good deal to say about the scarcity in Europe of "gentlemen." (Mencken, of course, as an American, thinks that Europe is full of gentlemen, but Douglas, being a European, thinks that all the gentlemen are in the East.) And the first merit of the caste system seems to be that it provides devoted, efficient and handsome servants for Europeans traveling in the East.

His final conclusions as to what is wrong with us are as follows: "I become more and more convinced, with increasing years that the roots of the mischief lie far back, in the Roman point of view. The shoddiness of our ideals—the shoddiness of all our ideals social and political—is a heritage from those unimaginative Roundheads, with their ingrained vulgarity, their imperialism, their pernicious doctrine of the *raison d'état*, and the welcome they gave, as vulgarians naturally would give, to imported pinchbeck like Christianity." The religious wars and the Spanish Inquisition have "consumed our mental fiber to this day, and blunted our apperception of finer issues"; and Christianity led to "our cult of those fetid 'masses' whom, in accordance with New Testamentary injunctions, we are now breeding as carefully as if they were Pekingese spaniels, and who, in return, have imposed on us by law their own fatuous and degrading aspirations." And our political legacies from the Romans are, first, that "that tiresome, standardizing mania of theirs destroyed the more delicate tissues in the national character of people subject —however superior intellectually—to themselves"; and secondly, that "the state idolatry of the Romans, their toga tomfoolery, has converted European races into a pack of mongrels snarling at each other."

It will be seen that the vein is a familiar one. Norman Douglas, who writes so clearly, thinks no more clearly than any other dilettante of epicurean tastes who wants to figure as a champion of all the moral and esthetic values without being willing to deal with the problem of how these values are created and destroyed. The passages I have quoted are full of words and phrases like "shoddiness," "ingrained vulgarity," "vulgarians,"

"pinchbeck," "coarsened our mental fiber," "our apperception of finer issues," "those fetid 'masses,'" "destroyed the more delicate tissues"—phrases which are calculated to convince us of Norman Douglas's "ingrained" refinement and to establish between him and us—Mencken and Clive Bell do the same thing—a genial understanding that he and we belong to a rare superior order of beings—that we are "aristocratic," in fact—and that the other people don't matter. The way in which writers of this kind persuade us to accept their opinions is precisely similar to the methods by which "quality" advertising is conducted, by which a picture of a smart-looking woman eating *paté de foie gras* and a smart-looking man with a monocle, with some smartly printed text about "these charming people" who are "always so casually yet successfully pioneering in the realm of enjoyment" induces people to buy "menthol-cooled cigarettes." The reader of the advertisement may fail to notice whether he actually enjoys the cigarettes just as the reader of Norman Douglas may fail to notice that vulgarity and delicacy, fetidness and refinement, are treated as if they were God-given qualities, independent of other considerations —as if they had no relation, for example, to questions of money and education. What makes people "vulgar" or "fine?" And in a civilization like the present, which is the product of a single class, the middle class, of that eighteenth-century society whose passing Mr. Douglas laments, exploiting a single human aptitude, mechanical invention, for the purpose of getting rich, how can you tell whether they are fine or not? From the island of Capri it may not be possible to see them very clearly—and from the point of view of one engrossed with the birds and beasts of the Greek anthology, it may not be easy to appreciate the peculiar sort of refinement—refinement in the various mechanical and scientific techniques—which they have developed.

Furthermore, the Nietzschean of Douglas's type is always trying to have it both ways: he is always trying to combine being contemptuous and ruthless about ordinary humanity considered in those aspects which are distasteful to him with being sympathetic and even sentimental about it when he thinks about it in some aspect which appeals to him. Douglas, for example, is all against "those fetid 'masses'" whom he alleges we are "breeding as carefully as if they were Pekingese spaniels." As a Nietzschean, he should be willing to let them die, or better still, to crush them. Yet in an earlier part of the book, he wrings our hearts with an account of the children in English and French reformatories. These children do not as a rule belong to Mr. Douglas's class: they belong to "those fetid 'masses.'" So why should Mr. Douglas worry about them? If it is true that the "filthy and damp walls exude misery and vice," this is a condition appropriate to the fetid. If it is true that young girls are put in straitjackets and made to lap up their food from the floor, a punishment of which they sometimes suffocate—this certainly does not err in the direction of breeding them like Pekingese. Why on earth should Mr. Douglas care whether the reformatories are cleaned up or not? If there are six thousand French convicts "rotting in French Guiana" and "the whole system is riddled with cruelties and abuses and absurdities," what should that matter to a resolute Nietzschean, who elsewhere refers to the unemployed as "scum" and objects to paying taxes for poor relief?

Mr. Douglas's few constructive suggestions, made with a great air of realism and common sense, seem to me more or less frivolous. "In England we build 165,000 new houses every year, and yet, in London alone, there are said to be 130,000 persons living in insanitary dens. An ex-Mayor of Manchester has lately written a book on 'How to Abolish the Slums.' I have not read it, but can suggest a solution of the problem that would cost not a half-penny: stop this breeding. And the point to notice is this, that the breeding would stop automatically were it not officially encouraged." What makes him think it would? Also, it seems silly that a social and political system which, by class discrimination and war, has reduced so many people to poverty should be accused of "encouraging" them to breed. "They manage these things better, out East," says Douglas. You think that he is going on to tell us that in India they exterminate the poor; but it turns out that he is merely thinking of the fact that the East is full of beggars and that begging is there a recognized profession. But how can you make working people beg even when they are out of work. And does their reluctance to beg warrant describing them as "dregs," inferior to the beggars of the East?

It is curious to see how, in spite of Douglas's denunciations of the meddlesomeness and absurdity of law-making, when it is a question of anything which he himself happens to want to see done or not done he is as prompt to appeal to legislation as any other modern European. He protests indignantly over some English by-law which makes it necessary to get a license to have a dog kennel, but later on he becomes equally indignant over the lax enforcement of another by-law which makes "the fouling of footways by dogs" an offense liable to a fine. Only eight people, it seems, have so far been convicted. "When eighty thousand have been fined," says Douglas, "that downcast look of the cockney will begin to disappear." This is evidently a matter about which he feels strongly.

I have considerable respect for Norman Douglas. His career has been uncompromisingly independent. He has seen a good deal of the world and is not easily intimidated by the conventions of his own place and time. But the kind of criticism represented by this book—and, as I say, we have already had a good deal of it from other sources—seems to me essentially trivial.

EDMUND WILSON.

SEVEN POEMS

Girl's Song

I went out alone
To sing a song or two,
My fancy on a man
And you know who.

Another came in sight
That on a stick relied
To hold himself upright,
I sat and cried.

And that was all my song—
When everything is told
Saw I an old man young
Or young man old?

Young Man's Song

"She will change," I cried,
"Into a withered crone."
The heart in my side
That so still had lain,
In noble rage replied
And beat upon the bone.

"Uplift those eyes and throw
Those glances unafraid;
She would as bravely show
Did all the fabric fade;
No withered crone I saw
Before the world was made."

Her Dream

I dreamed, as in my bed I lay
Night's fathomless wisdom come,
That I had shorn my locks away
And laid them on love's lettered tomb;
But something bore them out of sight
In a great tumult of the air,
And after nailed upon the night
Berenice's burning hair.

His Bargain

Who talks of Plato's spindle;
What set it whirling round.
Eternity may dwindle,
Time is unwound,
Dan and Jerry tout,
Change their loves about.

However they may take it,
Before the thread began
I made, and may not break it
When the last thread has run,
A bargain with that hair
And all the windings there.

Abashed by that report
For the heart cannot lie
I knelt in the dirt,
And all shall bend the knee
To my offended heart
Until it pardon me.

Her Anxiety

Earth in beauty dressed
Awaits returning spring.
All true love must die,
Alter at the best
Into some lesser thing.
Prove that I lie.

Such body lovers have,
Such exacting breath,
That they touch or sigh.
Every touch they give,
Love is nearer death.
Prove that I lie.

His Confidence

Undying love to buy
I wrote upon
The corners of this eye
All wrongs done.
What payment were enough
For undying love?

I broke my heart in two
So hard I struck,
What matter for I know
That out of rock,
Out of a desolate source
Love leaps upon its course.

Love's Loneliness

Old fathers, great grandfathers,
Rise as kindred should.
If ever lover's loneliness
Came where you stood;
Pray that heaven protect us
That protect your blood.

The mountain throws a shadow,
Thin is the moon's horn;
What did we remember
Under the ragged thorn?
Dread has followed longing
And our hearts are torn.

W. B. YEATS.

Prejudice in Newspaper Headlines

The Third in a Series of Articles on News and the Newspapers

OUR LATEST paper in this series was devoted to a study of editorial bias in the presentation of news by various newspapers, as shown by their handling and reporting, both in headlines and text, of news events bearing on several controversial matters, such as the Cruiser Bill controversy in Congress, the tariff debates and so on. Few readers will doubt that a similar bias extends to other matters as well. One needs only a very short memory, in fact, to recall major instances where the steely rigor of the newspapers' ethical code, confining them strictly to truth, to fact, and barring bias and opinion in news presentation, melted before editorial enthusiasms, popular hysteria and even, perhaps, the pressure of financial interest. It is obvious to all now that during the World War the press was grossly unfair to enemy nations, as it is now also unfortunately apparent that in September, 1929, the typical newspaper paid little heed to facts tending to disturb a calm confidence in the continuance of the bull market. Rightly or wrongly, the belief is almost universal that when scandal involves some department store or other large advertiser it is likely to be suppressed, or at most barely touched on, in the columns of the local newspapers.

Such inconsistencies between the true facts and the average account in representative papers, may be called the "absolute" bias of the press, and this may be ascertained by measuring the discrepancy between objective facts and the news reports. This method, has, in fact, been applied by a number of investigators. Mr. M. K. Wisehart used it in an analysis of 400 issues of seven Pittsburgh newspapers during the steel strike of 1919. Paul Hutchinson applied it to a study of newspaper distortion of the facts about the killing of a woman by Dry raiders in Aurora, Illinois. Walter Lippmann and Charles Merz, similarly, writing in The New Republic, selected "a few definite and decisive happenings about which there is no dispute" in Soviet Russia in the early days after the revolution, and compared these facts with the reports as given in 1,000 issues of The New York Times. They concluded that "the net effect was almost always misleading. . . . A great people in a supreme crisis could not obtain the minimum of necessary information on a supremely important crisis."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Merz, as well as the other investigators, were unable to extend their studies to include, not only The Times, but a representative group of other papers, and to cover, not only news about Russia, but also about a variety of other subjects. If they had, not only the "absolute" bias of one newspaper, but the "relative" bias—i. e., the inconsistencies between the facts as presented by any one paper and the average account in a representative group of papers —might have been revealed as well.

Unfortunately, however, mounting expense and increasing labor have in the past prevented such an extended study. The project now undertaken by the Carola Woerishoffer Department at Bryn Mawr College has surmounted this difficulty by devising methods of newspaper analysis which give reliable results with less laborious and expensive procedures. In previous studies, the *fact* of absolute bias or distortion has been established as to certain stories in certain papers, but none of these has analyzed the *relative* amount of bias in different papers, as compared with the median in a diversified group of newspapers, and the scales and indexes developed in this study for measuring these variations are the only devices yet available.

These indexes of relative bias [1] are based on the assumption that, on certain widely discussed controversies involving honest differences of opinion, a representative list of papers will publish a fairly good sample of the news which actually breaks, as demanded by the ethics of journalism. Any newspaper, therefore, found to be playing up almost entirely the stories favorable to one side of the controversy, is guilty of bias.

The first controversial issue to be considered is that of preparedness versus disarmament. As this problem is one which affords ground for an honest difference of opinion, it should therefore be presented with strict impartiality and with equal emphasis. Consider, then, the treatment of news relating to this question by The New York Times, as compared with that by two members of the Hearst chain—The New York American and The Chicago Herald-Examiner—and as indicated by significant front-page headlines between June 24 and August 7, 1929.

New York Times	New York American and Chicago Herald-Examiner
	Army Asks Air Defense for Cities . . . Inland Centers Helpless, Says Report . . . Powerful New Weapon Fires Like Huge Shotgun . . .

[1] In the preceding article, the measure of bias was based on both the headlines and the text of the news report of a given episode. The present article develops a measure based entirely on headlines. As in the socialization-sensationalism index, we believe the greater inclusiveness offered by a study based only on headlines more than makes up for any loss in intensity of detail.

NEW YORK TIMES	NEW YORK AMERICAN AND CHICAGO HERALD-EXAMINER
	U. S. Tests Speedy War Tank Today.
Gibson Meets Dawes to Confer on Arms. . . Powers Likely to Agree . . . London Welcomes Parley . . . Looks for Progress . . . M'Donald Reveals Progress on Arms. . . .	Gibson to Confer With Dawes Today on Armament . . . Dawes and Gibson in Parley Today.
Five Naval Powers Enter Preliminary London Talk . . . Work Is Proceeding Fast . . . Premier's Visit Here Is Likely to Be Hastened by Early Agreement.	
British Urge Action . . . Feel Time Is Ripe . . . King's Speech Tomorrow Will Tell His Hope . . . "Hearts Count as well as Yardsticks. . . ."	
Washington and London Agree to Talk Cuts in Capital Ships.	Vacations Bring Lull in Negotiations.
	Submarine Cut May Deadlock Arms Parley . . . Submarines of Italy and France Peril Naval Accord. . . . British Must Sink Ships or U. S. Build to Reach Parity . . . U. S. Needs Forty-three Cruisers for Parity with Britain . . . Japan and England Go Ahead as America's Navy Lags . . . Fear Arms Parley Clash.
	Arms Cut Pact Still Far Off.

The above brief comparison of course omits many headlines bearing on the issue appearing in the papers studied. In no case, however, is any headline from the Hearst papers omitted when one roughly corresponding to it is cited on the opposite side, or vice versa. The above, then, is a fair exhibit of the contrasting tendencies of the three papers.

On June 24, 1929, Gustav Stresemann defended the Young Plan in the Reichstag. According to the Associated Press dispatch, as printed in The Boston Herald and The Springfield Republican, his "only reference to the United States, an indirect one, was his answer to the Nationalist charge that Germany was becoming a colony of France and England. 'No, we are not a colony of Frenchmen and Englishmen,' he said. 'To me it seems doubtful whether all Europe is not in danger of becoming a colony of those who are luckier than we. . . .'" This fairly harmless remark the Hearst papers characteristically heralded in eight-column streamer headlines with the most sinister implications: "Stresemann Sees Europe at Mercy of U. S. . . . Calls Allied Powers Colonies of America in Daring, Bitter Address . . . U. S. Menace to Europe, Stresemann Tells Reich . . . Nations in Peril of Becoming 'Colonies.'" The Associated Press gave this episode 1.2 column inches in its report. The Hearst papers, combined, gave it 15.3 inches of headline space.

The above results, however, are chiefly qualitative. The problem is to devise a system for reducing such facts to quantitative indexes of bias, so objectively determined that any competent investigator will get the same results as any other competent investigator.

The first step, obviously, is to define accurately the clearly opposed types of news—in this case, preparedness and disarmament. In our study the following definitions were used:

Headlines favorable to militarism and preparedness: In general, news primarily of interest to the military minded; news emphasizing national sovereignty, economic self-sufficiency and imperial destiny; news tending to increase international suspicion, fear, aversion or resentment. Specifically, the following types of headlines:

1. Those involving the United States, announcing (without indicating opposition) actual or proposed increases of armaments, or offering arguments for more powerful military forces.
2. Scientific inventions or discoveries whose primary purpose is warfare; military demonstrations, maneuvers or displays.
3. Failures of, or difficulties encountered in, conciliation moves.
4. Opposition to treaties for international coöperation.
5. Severance of diplomatic relations, or refusals to establish them.
6. Threats or declarations of war.
7. Expressions of international distrust, jealousy or hatred.
8.[2] News creditable to military men or discreditable to anti-militarists.

Headlines favorable to disarmament and international coöperation: In general, news encouraging to peace hopes and news tending to stimulate attitudes of international coöperation and conciliation. Specifically, the following types of headlines:

1. Those involving the United States, announcing (without opposition) actual or proposed decreases in armaments or postponements in national-defense measures, or stressing opposition to proposed increases.
2. Promising developments in, or praise of, disarmament, arbitration or conciliation moves.
3. Proposals of, or progress toward, treaties for international coöperation.
4. Increased international commerce and communication; international organizations and conferences.
5. Expressions of international good will and friendship.
6. Resumption of diplomatic relations.
7. Anti-war demonstrations.
8. News creditable to anti-militarists or discreditable to military men.

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[2] A critic has raised the question whether categories 2, 3 and 8 should not be classified as neutral rather than militaristic. The answer lies in examining the news items of these classes. Militaristic papers expand and emphasize those types of news.

The third, or neutral, group includes all headlines bearing upon the international relations of the United States which it is difficult to classify as favorable to either side.

Having defined the opposed types of headlines, the next step is to determine what was the typical ratio of front-page headline space devoted to the two sides. Of papers subscribed to during the period from June 24 to July 15, and August 1 to 10, only twelve treated international issues fully enough to justify analysis. The typical proportion of headline space devoted to disarmament and preparedness news was determined by taking the median of the list (i. e., halfway between The Boston Herald and The St. Louis Globe-Democrat), giving a disarmament-preparedness ratio of 3.3 : 1.0, or, conversely, 1.0 : 3.3.0.

Using this median as standard, we find that The New York Times gave 2.4 times the normal proportion of space to disarmament news, while The Chicago Herald-Examiner devoted 8.0 times the median space to preparedness headlines. Since 1.0 times the median space would represent .0 in relative bias, we must subtract 1.0 from these ratios to obtain the indexes of bias. The data for the papers studied are as follows:

Paper	Front-page Headlines (column inches) Prep.	Neutral	Disarm.	Ratio, Dis'm. Prep.	Index of Bias, Dis'm. D Prep. P
Cleveland Plain Dealer	.0	7.2	13.2	.0	Totally Pacifistic
New York Times	7.0	9.5	56.1	8.0	D 1.4
Baltimore Sun	5.4	3.2	35.4	6.6	D 1.0
Washington Post	6.9	11.4	35.0	5.1	D .5
Christian Science Monitor	6.1	8.7	25.2	4.1	D .2
Boston Herald	4.9	2.2	17.9	3.7	D .1
Median				3.3	.0
				Prep. Dis'm.	
Median				.3	.0
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	6.8	.0	19.6	.3	P .0
New York Herald Tribune	11.1	9.5	25.8	.4	P .3
United States Daily	6.7	8.5	8.8	.8	P 1.7
New York World	18.5	6.1	20.8	.9	P 2.0
New York American	15.4	16.2	9.3	1.7	P 4.7
Chicago Herald-Examiner	17.2	11.0	7.2	2.4	P 7.0
Totals	106.0	93.5	274.3	.4	

In the analysis of the Cruiser Bill debate, The New York American and The Chicago Herald-Examiner will be remembered as showing a decided bias toward the militaristic point of view, with distortion indexes of P 7.8 and P 3.4, respectively. The quantitative analysis by the headline method confirms this and leads to the conclusion that these papers select and emphasize news looking toward preparedness. To a much less extent, The New York Times selects for emphasis news looking toward disarmament. In all, nine of the papers in the table have indexes of 2.0 or less, and are distinguished for impartiality rather than bias.

In the preparation of the above table, news concerning the reparations question was excluded from consideration, as involving certain independent issues in international affairs, and a separate table was prepared, showing the indexes of bias in this matter.

The results are as follows:

Paper	Index of bias, in favor of Constructive (C), or Antagonistic (A) News on Reparations
Christian Science Monitor	C 11.8
Washington Post	C 1.0
Baltimore Sun	C 0.6
Boston Herald	C .4
Cleveland Plain Dealer	C .4
New York Herald Tribune	.0
New York Times	.0
New York World	.0
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	.0
Louisville Courier-Journal	.0
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	A 1.3
Chicago Herald-Examiner	A 1.5
Atlanta Constitution	A 2.6
New York American	A 4.0
Boston Transcript	A 4.9
Springfield Republican	A 5.0
Chicago Tribune	A totally

The above illustrations apply the headline index of distortion to international questions only. The method is equally applicable, however, to news about any standing controversial issue. In order to show more fully the use of this index, and in order to gain a broader basis for gauging the bias or impartiality of the papers studied, one other illustration of headline bias will be given here: prohibition news.

In this analysis, twenty-one newspapers were studied from June 24 to July 15, and from August 1 to 10, 1929, Sundays excluded. Of these, the Wettest was The Chicago Tribune.[3] In headline space it allotted 16.8 column inches to Wet news, and only 2.0 column inches to Dry, a ratio of 8.5 times as much Wet as Dry.

At the other end of the scale, The Christian Science Monitor exhibited absolute aridity, printing no single headline at all with a discernible Wet trend during the entire period. Considering the acrimony often characterizing debates on this question, the majority of the papers studied showed remarkable impartiality. Only two papers beside those just mentioned displayed bias of more than 2.0: The Boston Transcript, which sided with The Monitor, and The New York American, agreeing with The Chicago Tribune. The indexes are as follows:

Paper	Index of Bias, Dry (D), or Wet (W)
Christian Science Monitor	Bone Dry
Boston Transcript	D 2.6
New York Herald Tribune	D 1.1

[3] This newspaper's distortion of facts, by the way, with respect to another incident—the killing of a woman by Dry raiders in Aurora, Illinois, is presented with documentary evidence in The Christian Century for May 19, 1929, pp. 641-7.

Paper	Index of Bias, Dry (D), or Wet (W)
Cleveland Plain Dealer	D 1.0
New Orleans Times-Picayune	D .8
Boston Herald	D .5
Washington Post	D .5
Springfield Republican	D .2
Detroit Free Press	D .1
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	D .1
Louisville Courier-Journal	.0
New York Daily News	.0
Boston Post	W .1
New York Times	W .2
Chicago Herald-Examiner	W .3
New York World	W .3
Atlanta Constitution	W .3
Baltimore Sun	W .3
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	W .8
New York American	W 4.6
Chicago Tribune	W 6.1

First granting that indexes of bias lower than 3.0 may well be due to accident, or to legitimate variations in selection of news for emphasis, and must, therefore, not be taken as indicative of definite bias, certain tentative conclusions may be drawn from the above analyses. Considering only the indexes higher than 3.0, certain newspapers among those studied show evidence of bias in news selection.

The Christian Science Monitor, though showing no appreciable bias in relation to preparedness, gave a wholly one-sided version of the prohibition question in its front-page headlines during the period studied, and had an index of 11.8 on the reparations question. The Chicago Tribune was completely one-sided on reparations and had a Wet index of 6.1. The Chicago Herald-Examiner had preparedness indexes of 3.4 and 7.0, but its indexes on the three other topics studied ranged from 1.5 down to .3. The New York American seems worst of all: it had distortion indexes of 4.0 to 7.8 on four of the five issues studied, and its apparent impartiality on the tariff seems to have been principally accidental. Three other papers showed bias chiefly on one issue only: The Atlanta Constitution being wholly one-sided on the tariff, and The Cleveland Plain Dealer on disarmament, while The Boston Transcript had an index of 4.9 on reparations.

Bias in presentation of news must be sharply distinguished from the avowal of policies in editorials. To advocate a policy editorially has always been regarded as a proper function of the press, but to allow the prejudices of the paper to distort the news it prints has almost universally been condemned. Minor deviations from the normal ratios between space given to opposing sides may run counter to the position taken editorially. For example, The New York World, a strong advocate of peace, emphasized strongly Hoover's warning not to be overconfident about disarmament. This gave The World, for the period studied, an index of 2.0, apparently in favor of preparedness. The Herald Tribune, certainly not Dry in editorial policy, had an index of 1.1 in favor of prohibition because its front-page news, fairly consistently, gives adequate space to the sides it opposes. But when a paper, in a series of debatable issues, gives from five to nine times the normal ratio of space to the news favorable to its editorial policies, as did Hearst's New York American, the violation of its own ethical code is clear and unquestionable.

With respect to news bias, then, four broad classes of papers may be distinguished. First comes the group of extremely sensational papers, whose interests are so largely concentrated at the lower end of the spectrum that they practically ignore the public controversies on which the indexes of bias are based. Second come the various special interest organs, such as the Negro, labor and religious press, avowedly selecting and emphasizing news from their special points of view.

The third group is made up of general newspapers presenting grossly biased news on public issues. Some of these undoubtedly regard themselves as crusaders, fighting for the public good; others, equally undoubtedly, are cynically playing on public prejudices to gain circulation or promoting the financial interests or the personal grudges of their owners. Whatever the motives, such newspapers have consciously or unconsciously allowed propaganda to take the place of news.

The fourth group—and, gratifyingly, the largest—is made up of those papers which do adhere to the avowed principles of American journalism, publishing, as far as they are able, the real news of the important, significant, momentous, thrilling, arresting events of the day.

"But," it may be asked, "what is the good of these indexes? What would you have the editor of a 'propagandist' paper do—change his headlines, alter the text in his news columns? His reporters are on the ground and presumably know the facts."

Such questions, if honestly asked, are based on ignorance of the situation. The headlines themselves only serve to throw into sharper prominence the biases of the articles they summarize and of the paper as a whole. These biases are not accidental. They are determined by the group of minds which directs the selection of reporters and correspondents, the assignments and instructions given to the writers, the rewriting and headlining of copy and the make-up of the pages. Definite bias in a newspaper is almost always conscious and deliberate. On the other hand, any newspaper sincerely seeking impartiality can always attain it.

Far more characteristic, however, is the cynical question: "Why take these journalistic codes so seriously? Nobody on the inside ever does." Perhaps, but is this to continue? If research workers will persistently calculate and publish the indexes of bias of leading newspapers, one of three results will ultimately be achieved. Editors and owners of papers guilty of the worst distortions will be moved to take steps to achieve higher standards, or will at

least cease to broadcast the high-sounding assertions of integrity which now help to cover up their perversions of the news.

Failing either of these, certainly that minority of the public which keeps informed on public questions will be able with increasing accuracy to identify the outstanding hypocrites of journalism, and thus to sift out with fair assurance the facts from the propaganda in the newspapers it reads.

HORNELL HART AND ASSOCIATES.

What Hope for India?

WHATEVER may be the final composition of the Indian Round Table Conference in London, one thing is quite certain beforehand. The silent pressure of the two volumes of the Simon Commission Report will be felt throughout the whole proceedings. As a parliamentary paper on the Indian Constitution it will be referred to as a primary authority by those who represent officially the government of India. At the same time, those who seek to speak for the popular opinion of India at the Conference will have to meet its main arguments and show their own standpoint in contradistinction to the views of the Commissioners.

The popular side, in its constructive criticism of the Report, is likely to be ably represented by the Indian liberals. But American opinion will have to take count of the fact that there is a far stronger and more drastic element in India today which has swept the country from end to end and could overwhelmingly (if it so wished) carry the polls at the election. Its radical attitude goes far beyond that of the Indian liberals, and it has every justification for calling itself the nationalist party. What the Wafd appears to be in Egypt, the National Congress is in India. Before, therefore, the Indian Round Table Conference meets, it is of great importance to review the Simon Report itself in order to gauge its strength and weakness.

The Commissioners, who wrote it, advanced at one time so near to the heart of the real situation in India that they seemed on the very verge of reaching the truth behind the screen of outward appearance. And yet when the right moment came, instead of pressing ahead into the promised land of generous hope and forward endeavor, they turned back to the barren wilderness of futile manipulation of the old issues. They left most of the obstructive elements unremedied.

To give some examples, they saw clearly the evils of separate electorates for which different communal factions were incessantly clamoring. They realized also the selfish demands for extended powers which were being made by the princelings of every little arbitrary Indian state. They watched the tiny group of Europeans resident in India as they eagerly pressed forward to grasp special privileges for themselves. They had the unending trouble of wading through piles of selfish memorials presented to them by each interested group and party. For since the Congress leaders and the liberals had refused to give evidence before them, these groups along with the government officials became their main source of information. What they were forced thus to ponder over must have made them pause, for Sir John Simon is one of the ablest lawyers in Great Britain, whose peculiar gift has always been his acute power of analysis. So much for this side of the picture.

On the other side, at a remote distance and in a blurred perspective, they saw the nationalist movement inspired by the personality of Mahatma Gandhi. They deserve credit for recognizing its unifying power. A paragraph was written by them which bears that interpretation, but it seems to have had but little effect upon their main recommendations. For in all that they advise concerning the central authority, they endeavor further to fetter the rising national forces rather than to release them.

There is one important line along which they tentatively advanced. The woman's awakening in India evidently struck them very forcibly indeed. It is not unlikely that Lady Simon, who is a well known social reformer, had her influence here. Their words on this matter and their conclusions are perhaps the strongest side of the Report.

Thus the Commissioners, as I have said, caught glimpses of a promised land. But they did not go far enough to enter into the very heart of it. They could only watch things national afar off and dimly feel their power. The tragedy was just there. Owing to the very conditions under which Lord Birkenhead had originally appointed them, with deliberate racial discrimination, from the first moment of landing they felt the national boycott in full force. There was thus hardly any chance of success in the highest sense of the word. For there was little possibility of their seeing the real living India—the India that will be molding and fashioning the future long after the present anachronism of foreign suzerainty has passed away, as other imperialisms based on power have vanished in days gone by.

With all the relentless pressure of the first fatal blunder of their appointment, they made at last the Great Refusal. They saw, as I have said, with remarkable prescience, nationalism as the one unify-

ing force which could overcome sectarian interests, but they refused to recommend it. Instead of doing so, they merely treated it as "seditious." Where they might have struck out boldly for a New India, freed from communal bigotry, effete landlordism, foreign interference and the arbitrary rule of puppet princes, they hugged the shore of safety and gave way to the communal spirit even among their own fellow Europeans. They did little to disturb the strong grappling power of those parasites and self-seekers under the administration, who have been the curse of a divided India for generations.

In three matters alone they struck out a new line with some originality. The first was with regard to the landowners, when they suggested that any special representation of the landlords should be taken away and the land they owned should be taxed (however lightly) for the benefit of the community. Here they immediately stirred up a hornet's nest of vested interests and they are to be congratulated for their boldness. It is to be feared, however, that at some later stage in the struggle this part of the Report will be abandoned. Indeed, already a hint of this has been offered by the authorities who cannot afford to lose their support.

Secondly, the transference of "Law and Order" in the provinces to responsible Indian hands represents a great advance. But here, as has already been pointed out in the press, the powers left to the Governor to introduce a civil servant from among the officials to take up the ministerial office practically tends to destroy with one hand what is offered with the other. For it is obvious that an official within the Cabinet of the provincial government, administering the most important of all the portfolios, will bring about a state of chaos once more instead of helping forward a unified, responsible ministry. What is needed for complete provincial autonomy is for the head of the majority in the House to be asked by the Governor to choose his own Cabinet without any interference in matters concerned by the Governor himself. The latter's power of initiative ought to be strictly and drastically limited. Otherwise there is certain to come, sooner or later, an intriguing Governor who will take advantage of the party and political divisions in order to divide and rule.

The third point has been the recognition of the place of women in Indian political life which I have already mentioned. By enlarging the franchise for women in every direction, they have done a signal service.

On the other hand, in certain vitally important matters there is no hope of the recommendations of the Simon Report satisfying enlightened Indian opinion even of a moderate character. The first of these is the proposal of the Report that the central government should remain as autocratic as ever. Indeed, when we come to look closely into the matter we find that the powers left to the Viceroy of indirectly affecting the decisions of the Legislative Assembly have actually been increased. He is to add to his own executive council one further member—his own nominee—whose sole duty it will be to lead the government side of the House in the debates. This will inevitably mean that the Assembly is always in danger of being dictated to by the Viceroy. Since the Viceroy has also at his disposal the final right of certificating any measure that the Legislature refuses, it is clear that the power at the center would remain still, under the Simon Report, autocratic and arbitrary.

The second issue is that of the army. The Simon Report proposes that the main army for Indian Frontier Defense should be paid for by the Indian taxpayer without any control over the expenditures and also should be attached to the British Imperial Defense Force and, therefore, kept under British control. It even appears to suggest the surprising recommendation that there should be two armies—one for external defense and the other for internal protection. Such an idea would have little to recommend it; yet as far as I am able to gather, from reading a very obscure chapter in the Report itself, this is the final implication. But the whole question of the army is difficult to follow in the Report and it is not even clear whether the frontier army is to be always controlled from Britain, or only temporarily until it is "Indianized." The Right Honorable V. S. Sastri has pointed out passages which imply that there is no contemplation of British withdrawal from control of this frontier army at any time, even in the far distant future.

The third issue is that of the paramount power over the Princes. If this is always to remain in Great Britain, then there will be a perpetual dyarchy at the center. This again would take away from India the right of self-determination, which carries with it the right of secession. For there would always remain the Indian Princes relying upon a final authority which is outside India itself. That would make full self-government impossible.

On these three issues, every political party in India is likely to be adamant. They will never allow such proposals as these to be embodied in a parliament act if they can help it.

India has recently, in the same way as China, learned the latent powers contained in the boycott. These go far beyond the more directly moral weapon which Mahatma Gandhi himself forged in *Satyagraha,* or Soul-Force. In *Satyagraha,* the moral appeal is uppermost throughout; and the higher the appeal, the greater the hope of true success. On the other hand, the boycott necessarily carries compulsion with it. It is in reality a form of silent warfare. It falls below *Satyagraha* in moral value. It does not rely upon Soul-Force.

The remarkable success of the present national movement in India, which the administration is very acutely feeling, is due to *Satyagraha* and the boycott combined. On the one side, there has been this moral force of the highest order called *Satyagraha,* exercised at its greatest intensity at Dhara-

sana, Bombay and other places, when the *Satyagrahis* (passive resisters) stood up against police violence without returning a blow. The other force has been the economic boycott of foreign cloth, which has been in a sense retaliatory. This has brought its own powerful compulsion upon the Indian government.

Both these forces taken together have made the strength of the popular will in India felt very seriously indeed by the central administration at New Delhi. For the people of India themselves have felt their own power, and they are not likely to let it go again. That it will be exercised along with compulsion, in one form or another, is not unlikely. But the fact is evident that the government knows now for certain the strength of the popular will.

In the long run, it will be mainly by means of this special weapon of economic boycott that the old imperialisms exercised in Asia and Africa will be brought under control by the people of the East. By disturbing trade with the foreigner, they will be able to reduce the powers of arbitrary rule which have done so much to create mischief in the past. The use of this new weapon will make a very great difference to the future of all subject peoples.

Meanwhile, in India itself, the struggle goes on from one stage to another. Even before this article reaches the press some tentative halting place may have been reached. At the same time, it may well happen that the strength of the economic boycott has not yet had its full compulsory effect upon the government. One thing is certain: all parties among the people of India are determined that the arbitrary rule of the Executive Council at New Delhi with the Viceroy at its head shall cease, and that responsible government, containing the "substance of independence" (to use Mahatma Gandhi's phrase) shall be achieved. Only on this main condition will the struggle be concluded.

C. F. ANDREWS.

Catch 'Em Young—Teach 'Em Rough

EACH YEAR the War Department of this country trains 260,000 selected young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five in high schools, colleges, universities and citizens' military training camps. Each year the War Department rams down the throats of these 260,000 young men a "citizenship" course of ultra-conservative social, economic and political theory. Under the auspices of the General Staff and by order of the Secretary of War, they are taught to sing the praises of utility companies, status quo, preparedness and "service"; and to chant the horrors of government ownership, socialism, the initiative, referendum and recall, communism, pacifism and democracy.

The "citizenship" course is based on War Department Training Manual number 2000-25. The purpose of the course, in the words of the manual itself, is to recruit defenders of the "institutions of our government in time of peace as well as in time of war." In defense of this ideal the War Department brings up its heaviest artillery and lays down a barrage of platitudes against every force or influence which threatens the sanctity of our moral, political or economic institutions. The manual exhorts, it denounces, it pictures horrors, it coaxes, it threatens hell-fire. Occasionally, inspired by the glories and self-sacrifice of our great monopolies, it rises to flights of lyricism. It employs every known method of propaganda to instill into the hearts of its students a deep distrust of intelligent curiosity and a dull dread of anything which can possibly be interpreted as change.

To begin with, the manual makes every effort to disabuse its students' minds of the notion that they are living in a democracy. "The United States is a republic," it insists, "not a democracy . . . the philosophy of our government finding its keynote in individualism." Individualism, according to the War Department's manual, cannot exist in a democracy, because "democracy is a government of the masses . . . results in mobocracy . . . the attitude toward property is communistic . . . the attitude toward law is that the will of the majority shall regulate, whether it is based upon deliberation, or governed by passion, prejudice and impulse . . . [it] results in demagogism, license, agitation, discontent, anarchy." On the other hand, a republic, as exemplified by this free country of ours, means "respect for laws and individual rights and a sensible economic procedure." The manual does not state what these individual rights consist of, but hurries glibly on to proclaim that a republic results in "statesmanship, liberty, reason, justice, contentment, progress" and other untold blessings. "Under the representative form of government there is no place for 'direct action.' The people are permitted to do only two things: they may vote every four years for the executive and once in two years for members of the legislative body."

Having thus set all its students right on the difference between democracy and a true republic, the War Department then explains that whenever the republican form of government has failed, or to use the far more delicate expression of the manual, "whenever the republican form of government has not achieved success, the difficulty has not been with the system, but with its faulty application. Several

dangerous experiments have been proposed, such as the initiative, referendum, recall and the election of judges. Departure from constitutional principles threatens to impair the efficiency of our representative form of government and, if continued, will ultimately destroy it."

However, the most dangerous forces seeking to undermine this great republic are not so much political movements as they are economic ones. And the War Department, through its manual, sails into the various problems of socialism, immigration, communism, etc., with all the dogmatic enthusiasm of a reformer. "There is no class domination in America," it declaims. Having got that point settled, it proceeds apace. There is, it would seem, an "interdependence between capital, labor and the consumer in this country, with the railroad, telegraph and telephone companies investing billions of dollars in properties and conducting their affairs to the benefit and profit of the nation." He who does not believe this is, according to the manual, a pretty poor sort of American, for anyone who "has not developed the spirit of coöperation, understanding and tolerance is at war with his fellow men." It is this sort of thing that leads to "class consciousness [which is] the result largely of the intrusion of ideas of government entirely outside of the fixed principles set forth in our Constitution and should be no more tolerated. . . . "

For this reason the War Department naturally would have none of its students exhibit an attitude of understanding and tolerance toward the beliefs or convictions of progressives. "The problems of capital and labor, employer and employee," the manual angrily observes, "cannot be solved by unrepublican methods. The suggestion of special legislation is socialistic and communistic and wholly repugnant to American character. Socialism or communism which negates property rights, anarchy which negates law; the substitution of 'direct action' for representative government; a government ownership—all should be avoided as perils that threaten the very foundation of this republic . . . America is basically made and refuses to any the right to alter the plans, destroy any part of the structure or rebuild it to their liking."

Why is this true? Why should socialism be a peril that threatens the very foundation of this republic? It is because, as the War Department cynically observes, "mankind is a mass of individual ego . . . it is not in human nature to recognize 'equality of condition' except to acquire personal advantage." Moreover, when socialism or anything like it achieves its millennium and "the citizens of a nation . . . find no joy or satisfaction in hard work, the years of that nation are numbered. . . . A surfeit of food, clothes, comfortable homes and much time for idleness can easily become the first step to the overthrow of civilization." In other words, the working classes need the stimulant of poverty and hunger or at least, as the manual states, "the modern methods of industry" which discipline the lazy, wasteful and disloyal workman."

And who are these disloyal workmen? Who are these socialists and communists who would undermine our republican form of government? "A study of the census reports of the United States," the War Department darkly suggests, "particularly during the past fifty years, reveals a condition that to every thinking man and woman is fraught with grave danger to the continuation of our constitutional form of government and the blessings of liberty which we enjoy." It is the immigrants, then, who have brought the Red menace with them, the uneducated immigrants who must be imbued with a respect for private property and the Standard Oil. And though they threaten the "blessings of liberty which we enjoy," they are, according to the War Department, far less of a menace to the government than to industry. For this reason, the citizenship course "must emphasize the necessity of the education of our masses as an economic measure in supplying the great need of American industry."

No curriculum offered by the War Department would be complete, however, if pacifism were not included. Though the compilers of the manual do not treat this subject until the last lesson, it would seem that they have only been saving up their firiest platitudes to denounce this un-American and abominable ideal. "Pacifism is baleful in its influence," the manual ominously begins. "It promotes distrust of country, it debases the spirit of nationalism; is destructive of patriotism, undermines the policy of national defense, coöperates with destructive forces for the overthrow of national ideals and institutions."

Faced by the herculean task of protecting our national ideals and institutions from the destructive forces of pacifism, communism and democracy, the War Department, like a brave soldier, does not quail. "America is worth saving," it exclaims. "America has amassed unbelievable wealth which is being spent for the good of mankind. . . . In no other nation have the spiritual and material aspirations been so fully satisfied."

With these closing words the War Department ushers its 260,000 young men out into the world. It ushers them out stuffed with the sawdust of reactionary platitudes, tin-whistle ideals and big-business morality. It ushers them out imbued with a servile and complacent respect for things as they are and with an intolerance for change, or intelligent doubt, or social progress. And though the War Department may thus help this country to achieve its material aspirations, one cannot help wondering if it will help us to realize those spiritual aspirations about which the manual declaims. For, though a doltish workman is a docile workman, and for that reason a good wage slave, spiritual progress does not rise from the spiritless. In the last analysis, no educational system so false and empty as that outlined by the War Department can turn out anything better than false and empty men.

ROBERT WOHLFORTH.

Washington Notes

THE MOST significant thing that has happened in the political vineyard within the last week is the revision by certain so-called Republican leaders of their private and personal estimate of the vote by which they expect to retain control of the next House. I should say that these are not the recognized and intimate White House leaders; that they include neither the pious little Ohio politician who is now chairman of the Republican National Committee nor the shrewd and alert Cabinet member who made him chairman and who, as I think I have previously pointed out, is the actual directing political force of the Hoover regime—to wit, Mr. Walter F. Brown, Postmaster General. The men of whom I speak are not primarily Hoover Republicans at all, but organization Republicans, some of them privately anti-Hoover, who have a vital personal stake in the continuance in power of their party and that practical political training and experience which most of the purely Hoover group lack.

Some months ago these men, carefully going over the states and checking up with those who should know most about them, concluded that the present 103 Republican majority would probably be reduced to between 30 and 35. This meant the loss of more than thirty-five seats now held by Republicans, but when those from North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri and Kentucky are included—all normally Democratic, but swept from their moorings in the great Hoover tide of 1928, it did not seem much more than was to be expected in the mid-term elections. Within the past few days, however, a new check-up has been made and the certain Republican majority is now fixed at fifteen. I repeat that this seems significant to me, first, because it is an estimate not made for publication but for entirely personal purposes by men who know or ought to know the facts and who are anxious not to fool themselves; second, because it is such a close calculation and such a low figure that it makes those large, blanket Democratic claims of gaining control seem more substantial and probable. It does not yet seem to me an even bet that they will be realized, but it is certainly not a long shot.

A majority of thirty to thirty-five is a comfortable working majority, actually more easily and effectively managed than the larger one. A majority of fifteen is too close to be safe. With the Democrats, the Wisconsin group of progressives could frustrate, block and bedevil. The House with such a division would be in a continual uproar and the Longworth-Tilson-Snell steam roller would be in a frequent state of derailment. Further, if more than three weeks before the election the Republicans are forced to cut an earlier estimate of thirty to fifteen, it seems to show a trend that in the last week may compel a still further reduction, for which there is scarcely room. A loss of eight votes from this estimate would make the upset complete and deal poor Herbert a heavy, though not necessarily a mortal, political blow. Nothing, then, would save him except the full return of prosperity by the spring of 1932. That would, I believe; but only that.

So far as I can make out, the cause of this revision downward—a type of revision unfortunately not practised by Republican leaders in their tariff making—is appreciation of the growth of Wet sentiment in states where the Republican party is Dry and the Democrats Wet, rather than hard times, tariff bill or national issues. They have been examining local conditions in the districts, and in Illinois, Massachusetts and Ohio they have had to increase their idea of the number of Republican congressional candidates in trouble because of this sentiment. For example, in Ohio the Wet Mr. Bulkley, Democratic candidate for the Senate, seems well assured of victory over the Dry Roscoe Conkling McCullough.

It is reported from Ohio that Mr. Bulkley has become a three-to-one bet and that Ohio, the home of the Anti-Saloon League, for the first time is about to register emphatically against prohibition, which in my judgment will have more far-reaching consequences than any other result in any other state. If Bulkley goes through by the approximately 100,000 majority forecast by the polls, it undoubtedly will help the Democratic congressional candidates in their local district fights—even those who are Dry. The same thing is true in the other states where the Wet and Dry line has been drawn with the Republicans on the Dry side of it or straddling it.

The whole situation is interesting because as you look over the country, except in the far South, the Democrats seem to be steadily swinging into position as the Wet party, destined to nominate another Wet candidate for President in 1932, while the Republicans, Dry in one state, Wet in another, are badly torn within and uncertain as to their direction. It may be that the ultimate report of the Wickersham Commission will give Mr. Hoover his "out" on this great question and enable him for the first time to state his real convictions on the subject, something which he has never publicly done, as the Honorable Carter Glass, in his caustic and cutting way, has repeatedly pointed out. Certainly a clear-cut Wet victory in the great, Middle West, Anti-Saloon-League-ridden state of Ohio this fall will cause a crumbling in the Dry lines in Congress not to be calculated by the mere number of Wets elected as Wets, the obvious reason being that so many of those classed as Drys are not in the least Dry, but are personally extremely Wet and always have been. The election of Wets as Wets by a big vote in Ohio will relieve these hypocritical and unhappy birds of their fear of reprisals, enable and encourage them to vote their convictions and make possible the ultimate passage through Congress of the repeal proposal.

With the Wet tide running stronger all the time, two or three distinct Wet triumphs this fall—but particularly in Ohio—will, it seems to me, bring into sight the day when the repeal proposal can be passed. This of course is entirely different from its ratification by the states. It must always be remembered that mere inaction upon the part of thirteen states can forever block the repeal, even after it has been proposed. That basic, constitutional fact makes the chance of emerging from the morass seem still remote and academic. Nevertheless, the essential first step toward it is beginning to look a lot closer. Unless all signs fail, Ohio next month will make it possible to see it with the naked eye.

T. R. B.

Washington

CORRESPONDENCE

Sources of American News on India

SIR: A great and rather sudden desire has apparently arisen in British circles in recent weeks that America should become fully and accurately informed about Indian affairs. The plea in that behalf voiced by Mr. Rushbrook Williams and Professor Edward Thompson, endorsed by The London Times editorially, has been further endorsed by Lord Meston at Williamstown and by Sir John Simon, speaking at Washington.

The basis upon which an intelligent and informed public opinion on India can be formed in America must obviously be the nature of information and data which is made available to the American public. The formation of public opinion on the Indian question is thus directly linked with the quality of Indian news that is published in the American press.

What are the sources of this news? I will summarize them as follows:

(1) No American news agency or syndicate has any American staff correspondent permanently resident in India to supply the sort of authentic and unbiased news of Indian happenings which only an American reporter, in contradistinction to a British or an Indian, could be expected to send.

(2) The great majority of the correspondents in India who write or cable news that is published in the American press are British. This fact, which I learnt from reliable American sources, is further confirmed by Professor J. Coatman, formerly Director of Public Information of the British government in India, who remarked that "it was also worth realizing that the correspondents of the American agencies in India were for the most part Englishmen."

(3) As regards the small number of correspondents catering for the American press who are American by nationality, it appears that none of them represents, by training or experience, the superior class of American staff correspondents like Duranty or Millard.

(4) Most of these correspondents of American nationality, moreover, are engaged in other activities, usually consular or commercial. This circumstance makes them peculiarly susceptible to the silent influence of the British social and official environment. Only those who are familiar at first hand with the peculiar conditions of Indian life and the rigors with which the British maintain their own caste system in that country, can realize the potency of the pressure that is thus indirectly brought to bear upon any American or European to conform to British political needs or expectations.

It is a fact of notable significance that in the recent crisis in India the most important, vital, outspoken but unbiased dispatches to reach the outside world from that country, were sent by American staff correspondents, like Webb Miller and Negley Farson, who had been specially sent to India to cover the news, rather than by any resident American correspondent.

Lastly, a special word must be said about the Associated Press because of the uniqueness of its arrangements for getting Indian news. The Associated Press is under a reciprocal agreement with Reuter for the exchange of news. What this means in actual practice is that the vast bulk of the news pertaining to India and the Orient, disseminated throughout the United States under the Associated Press slug, is news that has been gathered, edited and released by the very capable and efficient agency of Reuter, with headquarters in London.

Reuter, for more than a generation, has covered and specialized in the Oriental field. It happens, however, that for all practical purposes (and notwithstanding any technical caveat that may be entered) it has the character of a semiofficial British agency. Its psychology on imperial and foreign matters is necessarily colored by long and close association with the British Foreign Office and the imperial government.

Of course, the Associated Press draws upon resources and equipment other than its association with Reuter for Indian news, but the cases in which this happens are rare. For example, in the recent crisis they dispatched one of their best men in the foreign field, James Howe, to India. But this happened only after Negley Farson of the Chicago Daily News Foreign Service, Webb Miller of the United Press and Charles Dailey of The Chicago Tribune, were already on the scene, and among them had contrived to give the outside world a picture, at once vivid and restrained, of the great and gruesome happenings in India. And some of their best stories these men were able to get out only by evading the British censor.

New York City. SYUD HOSSAIN.

Do Boys Like Poetry?

SIR: Stark Young, particularly in contributions to The New Republic, gives a certain quality which I do not find in anyone else. All the more his "Thanks to a Pig," in The New Republic of August 20, makes me wonder what is the basis of his dislike for Longfellow. There is much in his account of the way in which he avoided some of the routine of school instruction in English, yet why should he not let his experience go for what it is worth instead of assuming that what is true of him must be true of other boys. A teacher of English is fortunate when he finds the boy who is ready as was Stark Young to enjoy Chaucer, Keats and Shelley, but there are others for whom he is thankful Longfellow exists. Mr. Young tells of an ambassador writing an adolescent poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—as I recall it, Lowell was not thirty when he wrote this poem and it must have been nearly thirty years later that he became an ambassador. His letters show many signs of adolescence continuing later than they do in many other persons, but there are adolescent boys and girls who like this poem and others of the same type. Alfred Kreymborg in a recent review of "A Junior Anthology of World Poetry" shows a similar generalizing tendency when he writes, "Only last night, a quiet little human, in his first year at high school, gravely informed me that his four favorite poets are Robinson, Aiken, Fletcher and—well, this could not have happened when I entered high school a little over thirty years ago. In those days we hated poetry like hell!" It was in 1895 that a boy in one of my classes in a high school out on the Mississippi River learned a new language by himself that he might read Ibsen in the original. In every school generation of my experience, there have been boys like Mr. Kreymborg and also those of the other type. They needed different handling—both are interesting and each is singularly unaware that the other exists.

Boxford, Mass. FRANK A. MANNY.

Opening the Door for the Power Trust

SIR: This is an urgency letter to give warning of the most far-reaching attack upon the Federal Water Power Act ever attempted. With the Senate absent there is no power here to fight adequately for the public interest.

Attorney General Mitchell has rendered to President Hoover an opinion that the Power Commission has the right to issue "minor" licenses for power sites on the New River (in Virginia and West Virginia) on the grounds that it is "non-navigable."

Secretary Bonner, of the Power Commission, is urging a meeting of the Commission *at once* to issue such "minor" licenses to the Appalachian Electric Power Company, a subsidiary of Electric Bond and Share of New York.

If this is done, a precedent will be set which will destroy national control over more than 90 percent of our power sites, including licenses now issued and those to come. I am advised by able attorneys who aided in drafting the Power Act that Mitchell's opinion negates the very purpose of the Act, flouts the plain intent of Congress and the people and ditches twenty-five years of conservation effort.

Secretary Bonner, Engineer Tyler and Chairman Ray Lyman Wilbur are ready to do this thing. What the other two members of the Commission—Secretary of War, Patrick J. Hurley and Secretary of Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde—will do remains to be seen.

Such precipitate action should be stopped *NOW*—Mitchell's

revolutionary opinion must have critical examination, and action be referred to the new Power Commission which takes office next December.

Protests against immediate action should be sent by live citizens to members of the Power Commission at once. The public should be informed. Our defense now against this raid lies in publicity. . . .

The creators of the Federal Water Power Act went to every conceivable length to define "navigability"—they gave no discretion to the Power Commission in this respect. The New River has been declared navigable through 150 years of state and federal legislation. But Mitchell has, by his "interpretation," given the Commission power to declare this river non-navigable, and so upsets the law and Uncle Sam's jurisdiction.

The law does give the Commission the right to issue "minor" licenses of an inconsequential character, *but not to issue a minor license on a major project* by declaring the stream "non-navigable."

Now note: A "major license" carries with it full regulation of capitalization, rates, recapture provisions, etc., by the government. No such regulation goes along with a "minor" license and the private company is *free to issue any amount of watered stock on the plant it desires*—there is no federal regulation of any kind.

Therefore: If Electric Bond and Share gets a "minor" license on New River, the Commission will be obliged to apply the same rule to similar rivers—such as the Susquehanna, the Clarion, the Connecticut, the Fox, the Savannah, the Saluda, etc., etc. *Minor licenses will take the place of major licenses now in force*—the power trust will slide from under the accounting provisions of the Power Act—and *millions on millions of inflated securities not now allowed will be issued and, further, no recapture provisions will protect our descendants fifty years hence.*

JUDSON KING,
Director, National Popular Government League.
Washington, D. C.

A Correction

SIR: In the article, "When Population Ceases to Grow," published in The New Republic, September 3, this sentence:

> For, in a stationary population, improvements in the methods of production will constitute the sole source of income in the total national output,

should read as follows:

> For, in a stationary population, improvements in the methods of production will constitute the sole source of increase in the total national output.

Tuscon, Arizona. J. J. SPENGLER.

The Garnetts' Altercation with Fort Yuma Officials

SIR: I am replying to Mr. Fleury's letter in your issue of September 17.

I was arrested at Fort Yuma, California, last November by one W. R. Quick, special deputy sheriff, in charge of the state quarantine station at that place. I was charged with disturbing the peace because I objected to an officer performing an act for which he had no authority under the law. This has been since admitted by the superintendent of the state police. I pled not guilty and showed the justice of the peace the law in the case. He immediately adjourned the case for twenty-four hours and placed me under bond to appear at that time. Rather than stay at Fort Yuma I changed my plea to guilty, paid my fine of ten dollars, and left.

The copy of the justice's docket on file at the Automobile Club of Southern California speaks for itself. Mr. Fleury has collected some affidavits from various hangers-on, but the docket shows what occurred in the court. There are on file at the Automobile Club of Southern California many complaints against these people.

St. Joseph, Michigan. E. S. GARNETT, LL. B.

Solving Joyce's Punumdrums

SIR: Padraic Colum's review of Joyce's new work is interesting, but I doubt if many of us will have time to learn all that Mr. Joyce already knows in order to understand the book. Life is so rushed with one thing and another. . . .

Mr. Colum is almost too good at solving riddles. Does he really believe that "fire laddies" is a combination of "fire" and "ladders," or would he be willing to accept the more obvious explanation that a "fire laddie" is a laddie buck who fights fires? And what could be more reasonable than the Swiss's remark about the "Englanders," since he was merely using the German word?

Why, after all, should anyone have to work hard to understand 30 percent of a piece of writing whose value is doubtful at best?

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.
New York City.

Audies and Donuts

SIR: Anyone who has read the vivacious editorials of Mr. Beaton will recognize that his article in your issue of July 23, is but a summary of his prejudices against the Audifilm "pitchers."

Originally an admirer of this new art, he suddenly swerved to the belief it would not last a year, and he brought numerous "reasons" forward, all clothed in pseudo-scientific language, accounting for its early death. On January 12, 1929, he said: "He had failed to take into account that, while the method of making pictures had been revolutionized, no change whatever had taken place in the mentalities of those for whom pictures are made."

Another belief of his should be brought into discussion for what it is worth to the science of psychology; as a student I can find no other authority for it but himself. He says: "We have music with our silent pictures, not to 'key a mood and set a scene . . . but for a deeper reason. When one sense is occupied by itself it tires more readily than it would if another sense were occupied in sympathy [sic] with it." This appears to me to be contrary to all known laws of biology, particularly the law of parsimony. If that law is correct, the more stimulation, the longer the organism should last!

Leaning on the outworn metaphysics of Munsterberg is like referring the student of chemistry to the witchcraft of the alchemists. (See "The Photoplay," page 204.) It reminds me that certain professors of mathematics also "proved" that flying with a machine was impossible.

In "Alibi" he thinks the death of the officers does not help the story to flow. Perhaps he also thinks the graveyard scene in "Hamlet" is just "clowning," as well as that third degree of the chauffeur—the finest piece of acting in the play.

Mr. Beaton should study economics. He would then discover that there are two kinds of production—mass and quality production—and that people who get the latter are satisfied with no second-best in any department of life. That is, they go to first-class stage productions. The others go to the "pitchers," i. e., the audies. Now a bystander cannot help feeling that Mr. Beaton's chagrin about this new art for the people is not because they are being miseducated, but because of economic determinism. In short, he backed the wrong horse and consequently is no longer consulted about what should be done by the producers who are intent on giving the millions "Audies and Donuts" in place of *panem et circenses.*

If the producers don't know what a motion "pitcher" is according to Munsterberg and Beaton, they seem to know what a talking picture is, and, judging by the easy rules that Will Hays laid down for them in the future productions, and his silence about the fake picture "Ingagi," they appear to know what kind of a director they want; that is, "a man who has had much experience in politics and none in business." A good psychologist should know that politics *is* business. "City Soivice seeks to give you better Soivice."

There is a copy of Munsterberg's book in the Los Angeles library.

San Francisco, Calif. H. KENDALL.

Fall Literary Section

Santayana's Palm Tree

The Realm of Matter, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 209 pages. $3.50.

MR. SANTAYANA has suffered a fate more cruel than he deserved: in the attention of his readers the poet has eclipsed the philosopher. He has received many pretty words from reviewers who declared themselves pleased with his style but who have not quite taken the trouble to analyze his formidable arguments. And probably it is safe, on the whole, for readers to trust a writer of so many graces not to go far wrong in his thinking.

Let it be understood, then, as a courtesy which is always pleasing though expected, that Mr. Santayana is the most delicious of stylists, the most urbane, seasoned and "Continental" of spirits, the wittiest of those who spice their discourse with figures, and even the most informed of scholars, to whom nobody would ever think of offering an idea in the hope of taking him by surprise. But he happens to be also—and this must be the beginning and not the end—a systematic philosopher. The system to which he would persuade us is exhibited in his latest series, "Realms of Being." A sort of introductory volume to it was his "Skepticism and Animal Faith." The first book in it was "The Realm of Essence," published in 1927; and the second book is "The Realm of Matter," just out.

So he gives us essence before he gives us matter; and there may be the least mite of significance in that. He is a sort of Platonist, devoted to his ideas of essences, and his treatment of them was a labor of love. But the essences, though pure and beautiful, were, even as he frankly developed them, ineffectual—they were nonexistent and without causal potency upon the actual world. Is it better to contemplate the bright and perfect but unsubstantial Forms, or to come to terms at last with the dark, tangled, yet actual Things, from which we as living creatures must take our animal food? Whichever may be the better, Mr. Santayana does them both; he does the second in the present volume.

But I overstate Mr. Santayana's aversion to matter. He accepts it, he even embraces it, because he knows it invests at every point his human destiny. Nature is the mother, and the human creature, fine as it may think it is, is only the child, and might have some measure of filial love. But nature is material; and so is the child. Mr. Santayana has no patience with the "psychologism" that treats the conscious states as if they had nothing to do with the physical processes on the top of which they float. In this he is like Aristotle. He is also like the wise Platonist poet, John Milton, who belonged to the sect of "soul-sleepers": they conceived the soul after death as sleeping, or vanishing, till the body could be raised up again to give it new existence; they could not conceive of souls without bodies. The soul, or the psyche about which psychology is written, is the animal organism with all its behavior. Most of this behavior is frankly animal, much of it is unconscious, and the rarest little part of it, which manifests itself as spirit, supposes only in the error of its boundless conceit that it is free and independent. This position is properly called materialism.

But the Santayana materialism has a difference. A substance or piece of matter is in a state of unceasing flux; it is of an invisible but immense fertility; it defeats calculation with its unpredictable contingency, and its mode of existence is an incorrigible particularity. This is hardly the materialism held ordinarily, or at least till very lately, by physics. As a matter of fact, the usual laws and patterns so dear to physicists are, for Mr. Santayana, only essences; they are precise and determinate, but they do not bind matter, they do not govern the flux. At the best they only appear occasionally in events. Nature is good enough sometimes to repeat herself, and the repetition forms furnish such "truth" as there is in natural science. But the scientist commonly deceives himself by grossly overestimating the frequency and the degree of precision with which the events in the world exhibit his ideal essences.

Such a materialism is only skeptical, humble and healthy. It might be of excellent effect if hung as a weight upon the leg of any over-nimble idealism to keep it from running into mischief. The most fanatical idealism in an age of science is, of course, the extreme cult of science itself, and for its sake this materialism ought to be propagated diligently. The doctrine is also capable of doing the same good turn to a poetry, or a mythical religion, or a moral order. But these human constructs, poor things, do not nowadays vaunt themselves so highly; they have probably been abused too much already.

It is therefore as a chastened or realistic spirit that Mr. Santayana looks upon the world and our role within it. What distractions are possible to one whose skepticism, though genial and comfortable, yet permits him no heroic or metaphysical adventures? He considers that one dignity belongs peculiarly and inalienably to the human spirit: the right to contemplate the empty essences. In this act he finds relief.

It is not surprising, though it is dubious conduct in a philosopher, if Mr. Santayana makes the most of this privilege. I believe that as a psychologist he gives a poor natural history of the essences as they present themselves to our inspection—it is almost no natural history of them at all—and that his whole work on "Essence" is largely overemphasis and suppression. The issue came to a head when he laid down the thesis that the essences were immediate, presented without any reference to actuality, and in no way abstract—as if by some miraculous providence the mind had craved essences, and then found a whole realm full of them, "subsisting" for its pleasure. This is regular Platonic mythology. On the contrary, it seems that most if not all of the essences are first discovered in the substances, and then by an act of abstraction set up in their grand solitary state, which is only a meaningless and formal state for them after all. In logic, the essences are nothing but the predicates discovered in the subject; the predicates, so far as we can tell, have no uncontrollable impulse to turn immediately into subjects; and if they do turn, they are subjects only by courtesy and not in fact, since nothing can be predicted about them. In unguarded moments Mr. Santayana admits as much. For example, when he defines the realm of essence as "the unwritten catalogue, prosaic and infinite, of all the characters possessed by such things as happen to exist." What could be

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more literally "abstracted" than an item that has been put into a catalogue? There it amounts to little enough, yet it has declined from a better estate: once it stood in a context and enjoyed the context's warm vitality; now its kind of being is dull and lonely indeed.

Mr. Santayana remarks that essences are of all kinds, good and bad, beautiful and hideous, alike. But why should the mind devoted to essences pick and choose among them; why should it not delight in them all with an indifferentism that would match theirs? Why did Plato delight only in the good ones, and why does Mr. Santayana delight chiefly in the beautiful ones? I am afraid that the high pleasures of contemplating essence are conditioned flatly by the prejudices of our animal constitution; and Mr. Santayana is the very man who should confess this the most willingly. Plato loved the good essences, we may suppose, because they were the ones which, when they descended to give their character to his neighbor, his horse and his table, produced his own and the general welfare. Plato cared nothing for them in their tedious purity, but much when they got themselves actualized in his life. Mr. Santayana has the correct touch of cynicism with which to appreciate Plato's preference, but he has for his part a preference which is not so commonplace: his is for the beautiful essences. The ground of that preference is a complex problem, but it is hardly insoluble. It is necessary to undertake it if we care to estimate a philosopher who returns again and again to the joys of esthetic experience as to a highest destiny.

It is not an unusual or alarming contradiction if Mr. Santayana is capable, as he certainly is, of the most admirable esthetic experience, and then defines this experience in the wrong terms. In a characteristic passage he writes: "When on looking at a palm tree, a Roman road, or the horizon, I say to myself, 'How straight!' I have exactly the same clear feeling: and this pure essence, not its irrelevant context, is what actually fills my soul, and is the essence apprehended." I venture to think that Mr. Santayana's mind is not really at this fine moment so filled with straightness, as he reports it, that the manifold other properties composing the palm tree fall away as an impertinence. If it were so, we should have to charge that a geometer's love of straightness had taken possession of him —and that is hardly a love of straightness for its own sake. Straight lines are good things from the standpoint of an enlightened geometrical animal, or of a moralist, or of a practical scientist. It is by straight lines and other such simple repeatable properties that we endeavor to predict and control the natural world; if it exhibited more of them in its crazy configurations, we could do the job better. Mr. Santayana makes himself out as no better than Plato if the rectilinear palm tree produces just this kind of edification within his spirit. He is only the economist glad to observe a sign of economy in nature.

But after all, Mr. Santayana never claims to take an esthetic joy from straightness in its pure essence, only from straight palm trees. Somehow the palm trees are indispensable. The esthetic joy would have been better described, as I believe in it, in something like the following terms: "As an economist, or scientific animal, my head is full of straightness, angles, patterns of such sort, which nature might well do me the favor to adopt but seems, alas, to abhor. But here now is a palm tree, straight enough for my heart's desire. Its straightness is the most patent of its properties; it is certainly the best; I ought to be filled with it alone—and why am I not? For I begin to be emptied of straightness and filled with the palm tree, which is to be filled with irrelevance, contingency and particularity. Unworthy animal that I am, I find joy in that palm tree, its straightness existing so strangely with its illimitable variety."

But this experience would not really be unworthy of any man, and perhaps it is even a normal animal experience. The human animal here has simply forgotten, by some blessed release, to be preoccupied with the thing on which its prosperity depends—the straightness of course is an essence prized by the possessive animal—and come to regard the palm tree for itself. He has for the moment lost his practical instinct. But possibly that is because he has recovered another, if slightly rarer, instinct, which is, simply, a selfless and utterly feminine yearning to live on terms of loving communion with the nature that environs him.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

A Fox-Hunting Man in the War

Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, by Siegfried Sassoon. New York: Coward-McCann. 322 pages. $2.50.

TWELVE years have passed since the Armistice, but it is doubtful if we have yet had twelve first-rate books about the War. "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" raises the score by one. The sequel to "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," it is also a companion piece to Robert Graves's recent book, "Goodbye to All That." Both Sassoon and Graves were poets, officers in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and friends. In the curious incident of Sassoon's attempted rebellion, of which Graves has already given us his version, and which forms the climax of Sassoon's story, we have an example of the difference between the two men. It was Sassoon who rebelled and Graves who finally soothed him back into quiescence, but Graves's account of the episode is the somberer and the more emotional; Sassoon, the central figure, recounts it in a quaintly quiet manner, with an objectiveness that lifts anti-climax to irony, and thus makes it the perfectly artistic ending to his book. The end of all war stories is the end of the War, but war ends differently for different people. For H. M. Tomlinson it was the Armistice, whose howling crowds drove him up to his long-abandoned office, to smoke a pipe and think of fellow-journalists he would never see again; the same news sent Graves out to walk alone in the marshes, "cursing and sobbing and thinking of the dead." But for Sassoon the War ended when he went off to his "shell-shock" hospital, his gesture of defiance having failed to bring peace any nearer, even by a single death.

Sassoon picks up his story where he dropped it in "The Fox-Hunting Man," in the Flanders trenches, in the gloomy spring of 1916. Those who read the first book need not be reminded that the author spreads a thin veil of anonymity over his story: he calls himself George Sherston; the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the Flintshires; Robert Graves, David Cromlech; and so on. What he has to say about the War is not startlingly new; it is his manner, the fact that he happened to be a sensitive and articulate person, that makes his account distinguished. One or two incidents stand out. During a check in an advance a man whom Sassoon liked was standing next to him when a bullet got him. Sassoon saw red, and charged the German position single-handed, bombing as he went. The Germans thought it was an attack in force, and withdrew, leaving the abandoned trench for Sassoon to cool his heels in. When, not knowing what else to do, he finally came

back to his own lines, his commanding officer was furious, as a scheduled bombardment had been held up because "patrols" were reported out! Later, during the Battle of Arras (in which Sassoon was wounded), he was put in command of a bombing party and given what he considered a great many technical orders. What chiefly worried him was that he might get his instructions wrong and make a fool of himself. "The idea of making a fool of oneself in that murderous mix-up now appears to me a rather ludicrous one; for I see myself merely as a blundering, flustered little beetle; and if someone happens to put his foot on a beetle, it is unjust to accuse the unlucky insect of having made a fool of itself." Fear, as the ordinary man knew it, does not seem to have been a part of Sassoon's particular war nightmare. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say "of Sherston's," for after all Sassoon has given himself a novelist's privilege.

But the most interesting thing Sassoon has to tell is the story of his lone mutiny. When he was in England recovering from his wound, he thought a good deal about the War, and became aware for the first time that some intelligent men in England were daring to oppose it. He read some articles in a paper which he calls "The Unconservative Weekly," took fire from them and went to London to see the editor. He confessed to "Mr. Markington" his own feeling of gradually accumulated horror at the War, and said he wanted to do something about it. "Mr. Markington" advised caution, but sent him to see "Thornton Tyrrell" (Bertrand Russell?), an eminent pacifist. The upshot of it was that Sassoon determined to defy the authorities, and with this in mind, composed the following remarkable document:

> I am making this statement as an act of wilful defiance of military authority, because I believe that the War is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it. I am a soldier, convinced that I am acting on behalf of soldiers. I believe that this War, upon which I entered as a war of defense and liberation, has now become a war of aggression and conquest. I believe that the purposes for which I and my fellow soldiers entered upon this War should have been so clearly stated as to have made it impossible to change them, and that, had this been done, the objects which actuated us would now be attainable by negotiation. I have seen and endured the sufferings of the troops, and I can no longer be a party to prolong those sufferings for ends which I believe to be evil and unjust. I am not protesting against the conduct of the War, but against the political errors and insincerities for which the fighting men are being sacrificed. On behalf of those who are suffering now I make this protest against the deception which is being practised on them; also I believe that I may help to destroy the callous complacency with which the majority of those at home regard the continuance of agonies which they do not share, and which they have not sufficient imagination to realize.

Graves says in his book that this challenge was printed in a provincial paper; Sassoon's version is that he sent a typewritten copy to his Colonel. At any rate, it reached the proper authorities, and Sassoon was immediately ordered to report. When the Colonel discovered that Sassoon was in earnest, and wanted to be court-martialed as an example, he was much embarrassed. After all, Sassoon was a gallant officer (he had won the Military Cross); his family was rich and prominent; he had been to the right school and the right university; he was a fox-hunting man. It was not a simple matter to make an example of such a person. The Colonel sent his Major to argue with the insubordinate, as one gentleman to another; but Sassoon was obdurate. Then Robert Graves, who was also in England at the time, arrived on the scene. He told Sassoon his cause was hopeless: the authorities would never consent to a court-martial; what they would do would be to shut him up in a lunatic asylum. Then at last Sassoon gave in. The army medical board sent him off to a hospital, and detailed Graves as his escort. As the final touch to the comedy, Graves missed the train.

So Sassoon's tragedy never came off. And the impression we take away from his book is that, in retrospect, he finds the failure ironically amusing. That is perhaps the sane view to take. The noble army of martyrs long ago is dead.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

This Neurotic World

Civilization and Its Discontents, by Sigmund Freud. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 144 pages. $2.25.

SOME psychologists, when they write about human behavior, make it seem as uninteresting as breathing or digestion: not so Dr. Freud. It is a world of high lights and deep shadows, a world of saturated colors, a world peopled with Titanic forms and agitated by strange and striking passions, that we enter when we dip or plunge into his writings. It is a world, as everyone knows, in which sons band together to kill their father because they fear and hate him, at the same time that they love him, and hence are plagued by remorse; or they merely want to kill him, and refrain, and as a result are divided against themselves, and pursued thereafter by the sense of guilt. It is a world in which men—not women—are moved at the sight of leaping flames to extinguish them in the manner in which Gulliver saved the palace of the Emperor of Lilliput, and demonstrate thereby that fire, like wands and umbrellas and tree trunks, has a highly picturesque significance. It is a world in which the desire to keep clean has an origin that is much more "colorful" than the obvious one. Men do not paint pictures, in this world, for the simple satisfaction of being at work making something expressive: they paint because they have been disappointed in their desire to do something else. Men do not enter into social relations because social relations are practically fruitful and ideally enriching: they do so because Eros is struggling with Death for the possession of a field that is worth winning for quite mysterious reasons. Nothing is what it appears to be, and everything is symbolic of something else.

To say so much, however, is only to dwell upon what many readers have long been familiar with. One harps upon these melodramatic themes of psychoanalysis because Freud and his followers harp upon them themselves. You come upon them at every turn, even in such a book as this latest one, which deals—always thoughtfully and often acutely—with a subject of the utmost moment and the most inclusive interest. How, Dr. Freud asks, are we to account for the "discontents" of "civilization"?—how account, in speaking of our contemporaries, for "their current unrest, their dejection, their mood of apprehension"? Is it possible that societies, like individuals, may fall into neuroses, and lose the clue to psychic health? Is

it possible that civilization, aiming at desirable ends, may overreach itself, and bring into play certain forces that work more woe than weal? May happiness, indeed, both personal and social, be an impossible goal—a goal toward which one moves, if at all, only by the aid of conflicting and mutually destructive energies? Is civilization even, necessarily, desirable?

Only the incurably lighthearted will contest the reality of such problems. The "mood of apprehension" of which Freud speaks in his final paragraph must have infected more men than would willingly own to it. And his analysis of the setting at least throws up most of the main considerations. "Life as we find it," he observes initially, "is too hard for us; it entails too much pain, too many disappointments, impossible tasks." We can face it at all only by resorting to various evasions—"powerful diversions of interest," "substitutive gratifications" and "intoxicating substances" cover the possibilities. And they are all more or less illusory. Drink and drugs ultimately add to our troubles more than they take away; self-control merely reduces our enjoyments; intellectual and creative activity "does not overwhelm us physically," and it is available to but few men; the "phantasy-pleasure" of esthetic experience is only a "mild" and "temporary" narcotic; and even the intense experience of being in love involves us in more suffering than joy. The business of civilization, it is true, is to make the most of such possibilities for satisfaction as exist; and, partly through extending man's control over nature, partly through adding social to individual resources, it is not wholly unsuccessful. But to control nature by means of tools and inventions is hardly to do more than create new desires and expectations that are frustrated in their turn. Worse still, civilization gains such ends as it does only by imposing fierce restraints upon the two most fundamental of instincts—sexuality and the instinct of aggression. For this latter, Freud now holds, is perhaps no less important than the well known "libido." Men want not only to satisfy their erotic desires: they want to destroy and injure and exploit. Cruelty is not an abnormality, but a normal drive. Yet civilization undertakes either to suppress or greatly to modify both instincts: the former in familiar ways; the latter, by setting up an impossible ideal of altruism. The result is that, in growing up, all men acquire a sense of guilt, and spend the rest of their lives unhappily trying to placate it. From this point of view, civilization is simply a grandiose bad conscience. And hence, of course, its possibly incurable discontents.

Hanging there in the air Freud very properly—as a scientist—leaves the question. It is not, and he does not pretend that it is, his task to recommend a way out. Indeed, he professes himself very skeptical whether a whole society can be subjected to psychoanalysis, like a neurotic individual, and restored—with the aid of "free association" tests and dream analysis?—to good health. As he says, it would be pretty difficult to bring back to the normal *all* the individuals who supply you with a basis for defining it. To paraphrase Burke, you can hardly "reëducate" a whole people. Indeed, it is for some such reason as this, among others, that one finds the argument so largely unreal. It is conducted, after all, by a psychiatrist—a great psychiatrist, to be sure—and the habit of thinking constantly in terms of ill health and abnormality colors it at every step. No doubt pathology throws a strong light on ordinary behavior; no doubt, too, there is a real sense in which a group of men may occasionally act like a neurotic individual. But the fact of health remains independent, and has its own rationale. It is neither scientific nor imaginative to see it only as a foil for sickness. The satisfactions of civilized life are positive things, and quite substantial enough to stand on their own legs. Intellectual activity, for example, may not "overwhelm us physically"; but surely it is very singular to belittle it on that account: it can fill a great deal of life, and quite genuinely fortify a man against disappointment and chagrin. And as for esthetic experience being a "narcotic" of any sort, either mild or temporary—well, even those who dislike art museums would hardly dispose of them as mere hospitals. Social intercourse, too, on all its levels, is full of healthy and direct satisfactions; it is not an alternation between disguised eroticism and half-frustrated aggressiveness, and nothing is illuminated by seeing it so.

It is another consequence of Freud's lifelong preoccupation with neurotic individuals that he deals somewhat ingenuously with social concepts. I have just cited an instance of this, but indeed the whole drift of the argument bears one out. He does not envisage society in itself but only as a background to which individuals may or may not be adjusted. When he speaks of social relations it is in a curiously formal and even old-fashioned vein—as when he adopts the phrases of the old "social contract" theory. Society he thinks of as an artificial product of culture and civilization—not, as it is, as an original and natural fact to which, normally, men can be more easily "adjusted" than to isolation; and this is why he can say that "civilized society is perpetually menaced with distintegration through this primary hostility of men toward one another." Not that one would deny the terrible power of anti-social forces: not that one could fail to see our own social order as giving unhealthy play to aggressiveness and violence and brutality. There is a real conflict, though not a hopeless one, between the instincts of individuals and the good of the whole. But to say so is a very different thing from dramatizing the will to destruction; and Freud hardly demonstrates that he has grasped the true meaning of socialism or communism when he says of it: "I am able to recognize that psychologically it is founded on an untenable illusion. By abolishing private property one deprives the human love of aggression of one of its instruments, a strong one undoubtedly, but assuredly not the strongest." Is it not curious to see the new science of the psyche joining hands thus with the old apologetics of individualism?

Curious, perhaps, but only on the surface; for they are both based on a similar notion of value. All that has been said is really not an answer to Freud's pessimism, since, like utilitarian optimism, it assumes that the purpose of life is happiness. From within that point of view, Freud is of course right: if the end of life is to be securely happy, civilization is a dubious success and often a failure; he does well not to guess at a remedy, for there is none. The sources of defeat and pain which he lists—the external world, our own bodies and our relations with other men—are, even the last of them, basic and irreducible. If that fact were sufficient cause for pessimism, there is no reason why all men should not turn pessimists. But the assumption itself need not be made. The subject can hardly be treated here, but it may just be noted that, if life has a purpose, it is not Happiness—which is an absolute—but, with all the wealth of connotation the word can be given, simply *living*. Men have not chosen the terms on which that is to be done, but they can and do accept them, and to the most positive ends. In this view, deep satisfactions are not mere escapes or narcotics or sublimations, but pri-

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mary realities—*données* of the human drama. Exactly by making the most of them—in other words, by living in response to the whole situation—men very largely achieve the "purpose of life." And, in this view, pain and disappointment are not disconcerting interruptions or miscarriages, but essential and indispensable chapters. This is not to say that some men do not live more successfully than others—but on the contrary. And it is not to say that civilization, or at least a particular social order, may not justify considerable discontent. Our own social order does just this, but the objection to it is not that under it men suffer and fail—that they will always do, under any order—but that virtually all men, even the supposed beneficiaries, live so poorly, so one-sidedly, so apathetically and so monotonously. The only defense of some other order is not that it would make men happy—it should not be said to have failed if it did not—but that it would literally make more *living* possible. Under such circumstances, one suspects that the sense of guilt—of which Freud rightly makes so much—would bedevil men, and bedevil society, far less than it does now. Meanwhile, as he says, the struggle between Eros and Death goes energetically forward.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Wilder: Prophet of the Genteel Christ

The Cabala, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

The Angel That Troubled the Waters, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

HERE'S a group of people losing sleep over a host of notions that the rest of the world has outgrown several centuries ago: one duchess's right to enter a door before another; the word order in a dogma of the Church; the divine right of Kings, especially of Bourbons."

In these words Thornton Wilder describes the people in his first book, "The Cabala." They are some eccentric old aristocrats in Rome, seen through the eyes of a typical American art "pansy" who is there as a student.

Marcantonio is the sixteen-year-old son of one of the group; he is burned out with sex and idleness, and sexualizes with his sister, and then commits suicide. Another character is a beautiful, mad Princess, who hates her dull Italian husband, falls in love with many Nordics and is regularly rejected by them. Others are a moldy old aristocrat woman who "believes," and a moldy old Cardinal who doesn't, and some other fine worm-eaten authentic specimens of the rare old Italian antique.

Wilder views these people with tender irony. He makes no claim as to their usefulness to the world that feeds them; yet he hints that their palace mustiness is a most important fact in the world of today. He writes with a brooding seriousness of them as if all the gods were watching their little lavender tragedies. The style is a diluted Henry James.

Wilder's second novel was "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." This famous and vastly popular yarn made a bold leap backward in time. Mr. Wilder, by then, had evidently completed his appraisal of our own age. The scene is laid in Lima, Peru; the time is Friday noon, July 20, 1714. In this volume Wilder perfected the style which is now probably permanent with him; the diluted and veritable Anatole France.

Among the characters of San Luis Rey are: (1) A sweet old duchess who loves her grown daughter to madness, but is not loved in return; (2) A beautiful unfortunate genius of an actress who after much sexualizing turns nun; (3) Her tutor, a jolly old rogue, but a true worshipper of literature; (4) Two strange brothers who love each other with a passion and delicacy that again brings the homosexual bouquet into a Wilder book, and a few other minor sufferers.

Some of the characters in this novel die in the fall of a Bridge. Our author points out the spiritual lessons imbedded in this Accident; viz: that God is Love.

The third novel is the recent "The Woman of Andros." This marks a still further masterly retreat into time and space. The scene is one of the lesser Greek islands, the hour somewhere in B. C.

The fable: a group of young Greeks spend their evenings in alternate sexual bouts and lofty Attic conversations with the last of the Aspasias. One young man falls in love with her sister, who is "pure." His father objects. Fortunately, the Aspasia dies. The father relents. But then the sister dies, too. Wistful futility and sweet soft sadness of Life. Hints of the coming of Christ: "and in the East the stars shone tranquilly down upon the land that was soon to be called Holy and that even then was preparing its precious burden." (Palestine.)

Then Mr. Wilder has published some pretty, tinkling, little three-minute playlets. These are on the most erudite and esoteric themes one could ever imagine; all about Angels, and Mozart, and King Louis, and Fairies, and a Girl of the Renaissance, and a whimsical old Actress (1780) and her old Lover; Childe Harold to the Dark Tower Came; Prosperina and the Devil; The Flight into Egypt; a Venetian Prince and a Mermaid; Shelley, Judgment Day, Centaurs, God, The Woman in the Chlamys, Christ; Brigomeide, Leviathan, Ibsen; every waxwork in Wells's Outline, in fact, except Buffalo Bill.

And this, to date, is the garden cultivated by Mr. Thornton Wilder. It is a museum, it is not a world. In this devitalized air move the wan ghosts he has called up, each in "romantic" costume. It is an historic junkshop over which our author presides.

Here one will not find the heroic archæology of a Walter Scott or Eugene Sue. Those men had social passions, and used the past as a weapon to affect the present and future. Scott was the poet of feudalism. The past was a glorious myth he created to influence the bourgeois anti-feudal present. Eugene Sue was the poet of the proletariat. On every page of history he traced the bitter, neglected facts of the working-class martyrdom. He wove these into an epic melodrama to strengthen the heart and hand of the revolutionary workers, to inspire them with a proud consciousness of their historic mission.

That is how the past should be used; as a rich manure, as a springboard, as a battle cry, as a deepening, clarifying and sublimation of the struggles in the too-immediate present. But Mr. Wilder is the poet of the genteel bourgeoisie. They fear any such disturbing lessons out of the past. Their goal is comfort and status quo. Hence, the vapidity of these little readings in history.

Mr. Wilder, in a foreword to his book of little plays, tells himself and us the object of his esthetic striving: "I hope," he says, "through many mistakes, to discover

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that spirit that is not unequal to the elevation of the great religious themes, yet which does not fall into a repellent didacticism. Didacticism is an attempt at the coercion of another's free mind, even though one knows that in these matters beyond logic, beauty is the only persuasion. Here the schoolmaster enters again. He sees all that is fairest in the Christian tradition made repugnant to the new generations by reason of the diction in which it is expressed. . . . So that the revival of religion is almost a matter of rhetoric. The work is difficult, perhaps impossible (perhaps all religions die out with the exhaustion of the language), but it at least reminds us that Our Lord asked us in His work to be not only gentle as doves, but as wise as serpents."

Mr. Wilder wishes to restore, he says, through Beauty and Rhetoric, the Spirit of Religion in American Literature. One can respect any writer in America who sets himself a goal higher than the usual racketeering. But what is this religious spirit Mr. Wilder aims to restore? Is it the crude self-torture of the Holy Rollers, or the brimstone howls and fears of the Baptists, or even the mad, titanic sincerities and delusions of a Tolstoy or Dostoievsky?

No, it is that newly fashionable literary religion that centers around Jesus Christ, the First British Gentleman. It is a pastel, pastiche, dilettante religion, without the true neurotic blood and fire, a daydream of homosexual figures in graceful gowns moving archaically among the lilies. It is Anglo-Catholicism, that last refuge of the American literary snob.

This genteel spirit of the new parlor-Christianity pervades every phrase of Mr. Wilder's rhetoric. What gentle theatrical sighs! what lovely, well composed deaths and martyrdoms! what languishings and flutterings of God's sinning doves! what little jewels of Sunday-school wisdom, distributed modestly here and there through the softly flowing narrative like delicate pearls, diamonds and rubies on the costume of a meek, wronged Princess gracefully drowning herself for love, (if my image is clear).

Wilder has concocted a synthesis of all the chambermaid literature, Sunday-school tracts and boulevard piety there ever were. He has added a dash of the prep-school teacher's erudition, then embalmed all this in the speciously glamorous style of the late Anatole France. He talks much of art, of himself as Artist, of style. He is a very conscious craftsman. But his is the most irritating and pretentious style pattern I have read in years. It has the slick, smug finality of the lesser Latins; that shallow clarity and tight little good taste that remind one of nothing so much as the conversation and practice of a veteran cocotte.

Mr. Wilder strains to be spiritual; but who could reveal any real agonies and exaltations of spirit in this neat, tailor-made rhetoric? It is a great lie. It is Death. Its serenity is that of the corpse. Prick it, and it will bleed violet ink and *apéritif*. It is false to the great stormy music of Anglo-Saxon speech. Shakespeare is crude and disorderly beside Mr. Wilder. Neither Milton, Fielding, Burns, Blake, Byron, Chaucer nor Hardy could ever receive a passing mark in Mr. Wilder's classroom of style.

And this is the style with which to express America? Is this the speech of a pioneer continent? Will this discreet French drawing-room hold all the blood, horror and hope of the world's new empire? Is this the language of the intoxicated Emerson? Or the clean, rugged Thoreau, or vast Whitman? Where are the modern streets of New York, Chicago and New Orleans in these little novels? Where are the cotton mills, and the murder of Ella May and her songs? Where are the child slaves of the beet fields? Where are the stockbroker suicides, the labor racketeers or passion and death of the coal miners? Where are Babbitt, Jimmy Higgins and Anita Loos's Blonde? Is Mr. Wilder a Swede or a Greek, or is he an American? No stranger would know from these books he has written.

But is it right to demand this "nativism" of him? Yes, for Mr. Wilder has offered himself as a spiritual teacher; therefore one may say: Father, what are your lessons? How will your teaching help the "spirit" trapped in American capitalism? But Wilder takes refuge in the rootless cosmopolitanism which marks every *emigré* trying to flee the problems of his community. Internationalism is a totally different spirit. It begins at home. Mr. Wilder speaks much of the "human heart" and its eternal problems. It is with these, he would have us believe, that he concerns himself; and they are the same in any time and geography, he says. Another banal evasion. For the human heart, as he probes it in Greece, Peru, Italy and other remote places, is only the "heart" of a small futile group with whom few Americans have the faintest kinship.

For to repeat, Mr. Wilder remains the poet of a small sophisticated class that has recently arisen in America—our genteel bourgeoisie. His style is their style; it is the new fashion. Their women have taken to wearing his Greek chlamys and faintly indulge themselves in his smart Victorian pieties. Their men are at ease in his Paris and Rome.

America won the War. The world's wealth flowed into it like a red Mississippi. The newest and greatest of all leisure classes was created. Luxury-hotels, golf, old furniture and Vanity Fair sophistication were some of their expressions.

Thorstein Veblen foretold all this in 1899, in an epoch-making book that every American critic ought to study like a Bible. In "The Theory of the Leisure Class" he painted the hopeless course of most American culture for the next three decades. The grim, ironic prophet has been justified. Thornton Wilder is the perfect flower of the new prosperity. He has all the virtues Veblen said this leisure class would demand; the air of good breeding, the decorum, priestliness, glossy high finish as against intrinsic qualities, conspicuous inutility, caste feeling, love of the archaic, etc. . . .

All this is needed to help the parvenu class forget its lowly origins in American industrialism. It yields them a short cut to the aristocratic emotions. It disguises the barbaric sources of their income, the billions wrung from American workers and foreign peasants and coolies. It lets them feel spiritually worthy of that income.

Babbitt made them ashamed of being crude American climbers. Mr. Wilder, "gentle as the dove and wise as the serpent," is a more constructive teacher. Taking them patiently by the hand, he leads them into castles, palaces and far-off Greek islands, where they may study the human heart when it is nourished by blue blood. This Emily Post of culture will never reproach them; or remind them of Pittsburgh or the breadlines. He is always in perfect taste; he is the personal friend of Gene Tunney.

"For there is a land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning." And nobody works in a Ford plant, and nobody starves looking for work, and there is nothing but Love in God's ancient Peru, Italy, Greece, if not in God's capitalist America 1930!

Let Mr. Wilder write a book about modern America. We predict it will reveal all his fundamental silliness and superficiality, now hidden under a Greek chlamys.

MICHAEL GOLD.

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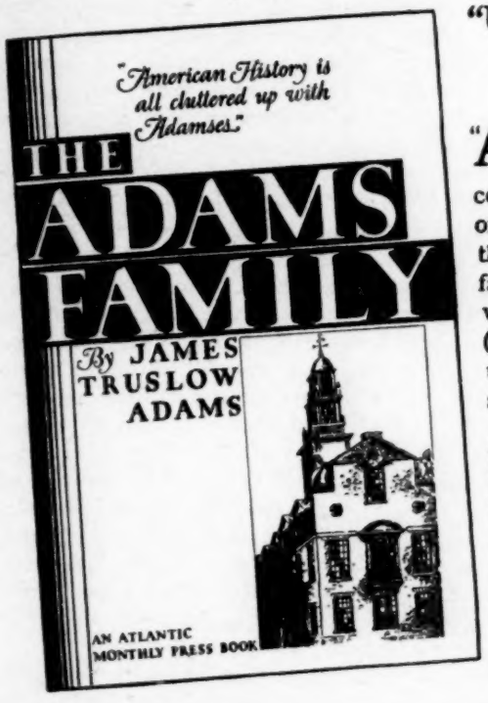
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Henry Adams' Letters

Letters of Henry Adams (1858-1891), edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 552 pages. $5.

THOSE who come to the present collection of letters with anticipations excited by "The Education of Henry Adams" will emerge with a certain feeling of disappointment. Autobiography and letter writing, though kindred arts, are essentially different ones. They are alike in material, that of personal experience, but they differ in approach and method. The best autobiography is written for one's self, and as an introvert Henry Adams was supreme. To his brother, Charles Francis, he writes in 1869, "I do think too much about my own productions and myself generally. . . . My path . . . was never chosen in order to suit other people's tastes, but my own. Of course a man can't do this without appearing to think a good deal about himself, and perhaps doing so in fact." Obviously his career was autobiography, as Boswell's was biography. Letter writing implies correspondence, and to this he never gave himself freely. "It is astonishing, even to me, how long I may remain in a place without growing into it. Friends! I have none, and my temper is now too bad ever to make another. Society! I know it not. Laziness, stupidity and self-distrust have shut its doors to me." This self-distrust extended to the most intimate form of self-expression. He immediately adds: "It is wonderful, stupendous, to consider how a man who in his own mind is cool, witty, unaffected and high-toned will disgust and mortify himself by every word he utters, or act he does, when he steps out of his skin defenses." For the most part the correspondents represented in the present volume did not impel him to step out. His letters to Charles Francis Adams, Jr., are full of self-defense. Those to his English friend, Charles Milnes Gaskell, to John Hay and Henry Cabot Lodge are in an easier tone, but guarded. He felt the dependence of the letter writer not to the manner born upon external material. "I think the world writes fewer letters now than ever," he explains to Lodge, "perhaps because there is less to write about." And again, "I have so little to say that a letter is hardly writeable." Things had a way of going back on Adams. "The pictures," he writes to Gaskell from Baden-Baden, "are worth a good deal of study to fully appreciate that they are not worth it."

That in fact he found a good deal to write about is clear. Germany in the late fifties, which he knew as a student, London during the Civil War, Washington in the period of Reconstruction, Cambridge in the seventies, give interest to the present collection, although the diffused impression in the letters is pale compared to the concentrated vividness of "The Education." The best of the letters are those to Elizabeth Cameron, which fortunately occupy a full fourth of the volume. In her, Adams found a correspondent who invited communication, and whose response can be felt in his own heightened tone and warmer style. It is also true that the writer was dealing with the exotic world of the South Seas, which made a fresh appeal to his senses and sympathies. Even so the note of disillusionment creeps in. "I had a vague hope that somewhere in the round world, merely on the chances of the cards, I should sooner or later happen on some spot where a combination of attractions or amusements would detain me and give me interest or occupation, but the hope has almost vanished."

Since, then, the letters are not masterpieces in themselves, their chief interest lies in the fact that they were written by the author of "The Education of Henry Adams," and in the contemporary and collateral evidence which they offer to the illumination and the correction of that work. In the former aspect the defensive and exculpatory passages in letters to his brother are most important. Both Charles Francis and Henry Adams felt that they were born into the tradition of public service, which had become a heavier burden and one less easy to carry with each generation. A certain moral fastidiousness and social aloofness had deepened from John to John Quincy and to his son, Charles Francis the elder. Charles Francis, Jr., the soldier, lawyer and railroad president, has left a record of his experience which shows the characteristic Adams strain. Of his six years as president of the Union Pacific Railroad he wrote: "I made no friends . . . nor among those I met was there a man whose acquaintance I valued. They were a coarse, realistic, bargaining crowd." Both the younger Adamses felt a keen and mutual responsibility for careers which should be worthy the name in the shadow of which they lived. To his brother's advice to set up as a man of letters, Henry responded indignantly: "You would make me a sort of George Curtis or Ik. Marvel, better or worse, a writer of popular sketches in magazines, a lecturer before lyceums and college societies [Emerson?]; a dabbler in metaphysics, poetry and art, than which I would rather die, for if it has come to that, alas! verily, as you say, mediocrity has fallen on the name of Adams."

It was to put himself *hors concours* in the field of letters, as well as to fulfill an ancestral duty, that he decided to make the history of the three presidencies between those of his great grandfather and his grandfather the subject of a work which he repeatedly declares no one would read:

> As time passes I get into a habit of working only for the work's sake, and disliking the idea of completing and publishing. . . . I don't think I care much even to be read, and any writer in this frame of mind must be dull reading. On the other hand I enjoy immensely the investigation, and making little memoranda of passages here and there. Aridity grows on me. I always felt myself like Casaubon in "Middlemarch," and now I see the tendency creeping over me.

He definitely announced his departure from the family tradition in his thirtieth year, in a final communication to his brother:

> John is a political genius; let him follow the family bent. You are a lawyer and with a few years' patience will be the richest and most respectable of us all. I claim my right to part company with you both. I will never make a speech, never run for office, never belong to a party. I am going to plunge under the stream. For years you will hear nothing of any publication of mine—perhaps never, who knows. I do not mean to tie myself to anything, but I do mean to make it impossible for myself to follow the family go-cart. . . . I shall probably remain under water a long time. If you see me come up, it will be with an oyster and a pearl inside. If not, why—so!

The pearl was not the "History of the United States, 1801-1816." It was "The Education of Henry Adams."

In spite of this pronouncement, however, Henry Adams never escaped from the haunting sense of frustration caused by his own appreciation of evil forces in the state, and his inability to change them. Politics was in his blood, and for many years he practised as an amateur. He returned

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from Europe to become secretary to his father, who was member of Congress, 1859 to 1861. He accompanied his father on his mission to London during the critical years of the Civil War. The letters add little to the account of these years given in "The Education." They do reveal the earnestness and zeal with which he wrought to correct the evils of the party system during the decade which followed. In Washington during Grant's first administration he speaks of himself as the lieutenant of a government official who is heading a movement for revenue reform, etc., "helping him to organize our forces, which is difficult because it involves the splitting of the majority and the practical formation of a new party on this issue. However, we seem to have succeeded. At least I had a dozen of the leaders at a meeting in my rooms the other night, and we effected a close alliance. The next week will prove whether we can control Congress." The movement resulted in the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati, where he thought it not improbable that all parties would combine on Charles Francis Adams for the presidential nomination, which, however, went to Greeley, with the resulting fiasco of 1872. Nevertheless, he was active in promoting a movement in 1875-6 for an independent party under the leadership of Carl Schurz, an ambitious project which involved the purchase of such newspapers as The Boston Advertiser and The New York Evening Post. On the outcome Adams comments with a humor which does not conceal his bitterness, "My party, which I labored so devotedly to organize . . . got so far as to hold a meeting, at New York and issue an address. That was the last of it. The two parties made their offers for us, and we dissolved like a summer cloud. I am left smiling at the ruins. Our principal leader has returned to his party traces."

Adams' nostalgia for politics thereafter abated. He writes in a spirit of prophecy to Henry Cabot Lodge in 1881, "I have never known a young man go into politics who was not the worse for it. . . . They all try to be honest, and then are tripped up by the dishonest; or they try to be dishonest (i. e., practical politicians) and degrade their own natures. . . . My conclusion is that no man should be in politics unless he would honestly rather not be there."

In other respects the "Letters" serve to emphasize the seriousness and value of Henry Adams' work in the world in contrast to his own depreciation of it in "The Education." His teaching of history at Harvard was undertaken with a "great wish to get hold of the students' imagination for my peculiar ideas." Although he writes of "ridiculing all the idols of the University and declaring a university education to be a swindle," he took "unalloyed satisfaction" in baking his first batch of doctors of philosophy, Henry Cabot Lodge, J. Laurence Laughlin and Ernest Young, who took their degrees for essays on Anglo-Saxon Law, and he strikes his highest note of enthusiasm when he adds: "I believe that my scholars will compare favorably with any others, English, German, French or Italian. I look with more hope on the future of the world as I see how good our material is." During his term at Harvard he was editor of The North American Review, and his letters to Lodge, who acted as his assistant, reveal both initiative in plans and care in detail, and above all, a scrupulous editorial conscience in dealing with his contributors and his public. Of the preparation of the nine volumes of his history enough appears to indicate the careful nature of his scholarship.

In the main, however, the character of Henry Adams is

drawn in "The Education" by confession and by implication too exactly to leave room for corrected impressions. He was an instrument too finely wrought, too delicately adjusted, for the rough work of everyday life. To his own ideals and aspirations as a standard of measurement, he found the world lamentably inferior. That he desired to live fruitfully in the world, however, is clear from the "Letters," in their preoccupation with the problem of adjustment to society. Once he asks Gaskell, "Will you tell me the most disagreeable thing you ever heard said of me?" Though he immediately attributes his request to a search for new sensations, there is an anxiety about it, as often when he speaks of his relations to his fellows. That he reacted upon them, not through ideas, but through a kind of wistful charm, he would have counted as a part of his futility; but the charm remains in autobiography and letters alike, rich as the glow of Indian summer on the New England hills. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Salvaging German War Guilt

The Coming of the War, 1914, by Bernadotte E. Schmitt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 Vols. 1,054 pages. $10.

The Refutation of the Versailles War Guilt Thesis, by Alfred von Wegerer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 386 pages. $3.

BACK IN Cleveland in January, 1914, a youthful pedagogue valiantly joined cause with Lord Northcliffe in warning the world that Germany was about to spring like a tiger in the jungle upon a pacific and unsuspecting world. This young professor has never since doubted the correctness of the warning. Years after the War—after the new documents had revealed the falsity of our wartime views of German guilt—he included, along with the other exploits enumerated in "Who's Who in America," the fact that "in a lecture on 'Germany in the Reign of William II,' given in Cleveland in January, 1914, he predicted that Germany was preparing to begin a European war."

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No one can fully understand or accurately appraise Professor Schmitt's material unless he is acquainted with the emotional overtone which pervades it. This is a passionate Anglomania which amounts to nothing less than a fixed idea. Professor Schmitt has been bitterly accused of being aggressively anti-German and anti-Austrian, but this is probably unjust. His polemics against Germany and Austria and his apologetic efforts in behalf of France and Russia are not due primarily to hatred of Germany and Austria or love of France and Russia. They are produced by the intense driving desire to whitewash Grey and the British. This can be done only at the expense of Germany and Austria and the elevation of Britain's allies, Russia and France.

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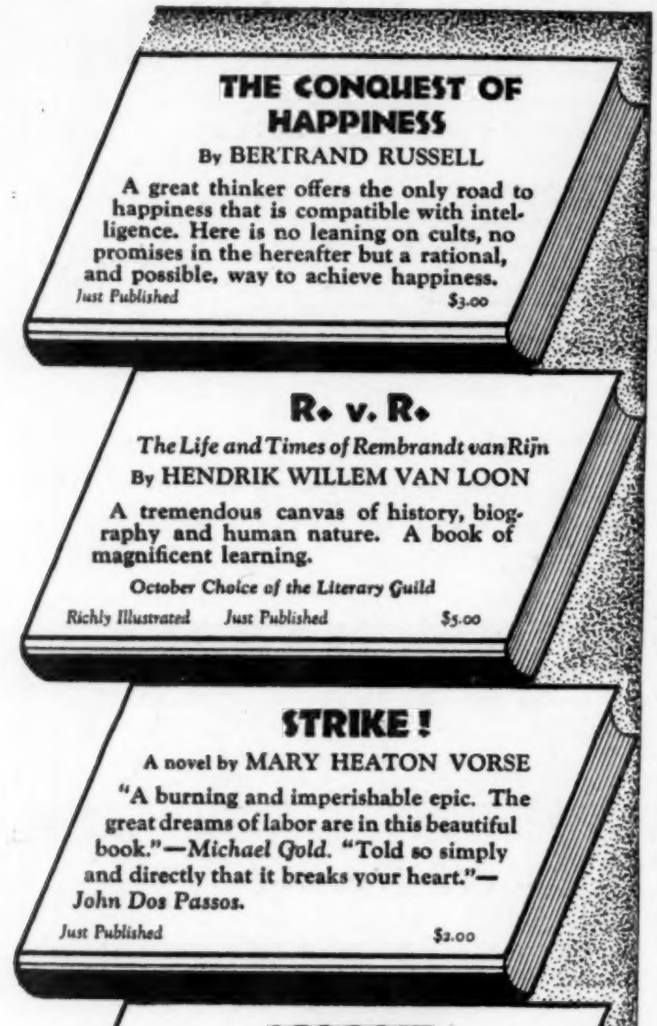
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GOOD BOOKS

Professor Schmitt was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford from 1905 to 1908. Here he came to see international affairs through English eyes to a degree which makes Walter Hines Page seem almost an Anglophobe by comparison. We do not have to stoop to innuendo or inference in this matter. Back in 1916, when he brought out his "England and Germany," he frankly stated that "As a beneficiary of the Rhodes Trust I was imbued with the idea of Anglo-Saxon solidarity." If anybody might be inclined to think that he was merely "kidding" his readers, let that person read the book.

This "sense of Anglo-Saxon solidarity" has never since abated a whit. Indeed, it remains an obsession which completely paralyzes Professor Schmitt's perceptive powers. This is a severe charge. It requires substantiation. The reading of Professor Schmitt's two volumes will amply supply this, but we shall not desert the subject with any such generalized assertion.

It is admitted by all writers in the field that the most absurd statement ever made by any writer dealing with war guilt appears in Vol. I, p. 313, of Lord Grey's "Twenty-five Years." This is Grey's meteorological hypothesis of war responsibility. He here states that he believes that Germany was planning a war in 1914 because it was in the summertime, which was the same season of the year that she launched the attack (which she did not launch) on France in 1870. This is the nadir point of all the trash and nonsense which the war-guilt controversy has provoked.

But, incredible as it seems, we find Professor Schmitt seriously defending its plausibility (Vol. II, p. 136, note). The reviewer was prepared to find almost anything in Professor Schmitt's volumes, but this actually compelled him to lay off his reading for an hour. Nor does one need to single out this particular item, revealing and damning though it may be. Throughout the book Professor Schmitt cites Grey's utterly untrustworthy "Twenty-five Years" as though it were one of the official British documents of 1914. Indeed, only the trained observer can tell at times whether Schmitt is citing Grey in 1914 or Grey in 1925. The author seems to believe that one has as great documentary value as the other.

In using official documents, Professor Schmitt selects the particular collection which best suits his purposes. For example, the new Austrian documents (Vol. III, pp. 436-37) prove that the Wiesner Report arrived in Vienna late in the afternoon of July 13, 1914, in ample time to influence Count Tisza before his conversation with the German Ambassador on the fourteenth. Professor Schmitt, who knows all about this, uses instead the Austrian Red Book of 1919, which gives no exact figures on the time of the arrival of documents. By citing the Red Book he is enabled to make the reader believe that Tisza was influenced to favor war by the German Ambassador and not by the Wiesner Report on Serbian responsibility for the murder of the Archduke.

Let us now turn to some concrete examples of the results of Professor Schmitt's methods. His treatment of the background of the War may be illustrated by his analysis of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, perhaps the most important event lying back of July, 1914. The scheme was initiated by the Russian Foreign Minister, Izvolsky, his proposals were accepted, and he left the Buchlau conference in July, 1908, happy and content. Britain later blocked his plans for the Straits, but he did not dare vent his rage on England at the time. In Schmitt's version (Vol. I, pp. 121ff.) the whole episode was a devilish plot

of Aehrenthal and the Austrians. Izvolsky is tucked away innocently in a single sentence at the end, with no intimation whatever of Russian initiative in the affair.

Austria and Germany are broadly condemned, chiefly on the ground of the allegation that they were the first to be willing to test the alliances by risking war. Schmitt says nothing of the British encouragement of war at Reval in 1908 and Mr. Lloyd George's Mansion House Speech of 1911; nothing of the French urging of the Russians to go ahead in November, 1912; nothing of Russia's real plans in the Baikan League of 1912-14 or in the Ministerial Conference of February, 1914.

Austria is held to have been bulldozed into war by Germany in 1914, though it is clear that all the important Austro-Hungarian statesmen except Tisza were on the war side before July 5, 1914; and Tisza was converted not by Germany but by Dr. von Wiesner's report on Serbian responsibility for the murder plot. In his frantic efforts to prove this crucial point of German domination of Austria in 1914, Professor Schmitt not only resorts to the Red Book subterfuge mentioned above. He gives us numerous outright mistranslations of the documents, in every case designed to make the Austro-German policy seem more drastic than it really was.

The plan for a sudden Austrian attack on Serbia was not designed to precipitate a European war but to prevent it by localizing the struggle. Every informed student knows this and we may well wish that it had been the plan actually followed by Austria in 1914. It is doubtful if the World War would have come.

Professor Schmitt gets into the illogical position of maintaining that the Austrian ultimatum was completely unacceptable by the Serbians, and yet holding that Serbia did accept nine-tenths of it. As an actual matter of fact, it was acceptable, but Serbia rejected the only important points (five and six) out of the ten contained in the ultimatum.

The old nonsense about German rejection of all mediation plans is still solemnly asserted and still on the long exploded Szögyény myth (his letter of July 27, 1914). On this let anyone consult chapters eight and nine of Vol. II of Fay's work.

The crux of Professor Schmitt's effort to saddle Germany with immediate responsibility for the coming of war in 1914 is his attempt to prove that Germany decided on war before she heard of the Russian general mobilization on July 31. Professor Fay disposed forever of this persistent item in the Entente legend, but Professor Schmitt is unregenerate and once more drags out the badly decayed corpse.

Just how his emotions utterly cloud his vision is never more apparent than at this point. On the bottom of one page (Vol. II, p. 198), he tries to prove, on the basis of very questionable evidence, that on the afternoon of July 30, Bethmann-Hollweg promised to decide for or against the declaration of a state of "threatening danger of war" by noon on the next day (July 31). On the top of the very next page this decision to postpone until July 31 any final decision about a step which might lead to war becomes a decision *for war* made on the thirtieth. The only pertinent query here is "can you beat it?" At least nobody has to date. And this is the whole foundation for the allegation that Germany was not led into her military action by Russian general mobilization.

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on the German frontier in the east. It seems never to have occurred to him that Liège had no significance for Germany unless war came, and that war could come to Germany only as a result of Russian general mobilization.

Another and final comment on Professor Schmitt's method is in order. Whenever he mentions the alleged aggressive actions of the Central Powers he goes in for heavy moralizing. Whenever he has to mention an apparent sin of the Entente he insists that the Central Powers were mistaken as to the real attitude of France, Russia or England (e. g., Vol. I, pp. 454-55; Vol. II, pp. 21, 29). We may say, in conclusion, that not a single major contention in this last and final effort of the "Salvagers" to rehabilitate the Entente legend possesses the slightest validity.

Dr. von Wegerer's work may be regarded as quite as much a refutation of Schmitt as of the Versailles verdict. There is no more convenient and decisive destruction of Schmitt's theses than this careful and lucid book. Dr. von Wegerer is a German patriot. It is illuminating to observe how, in regard to the war-guilt problem, German patriotism is far less destructive to the impartial search for truth than American Anglomania.

Dr. von Wegerer does two things in his book and he does them so well that he never need fear future refutation. He shows: (1) that the Treaty of Versailles is based on the explicit assertion of the sole responsibility of Germany and her allies for the coming of the War in 1914; and (2) that this war-guilt thesis of Versailles has not a single leg to stand on.

The gains of the Hitlerites and other German nationalists indicate that Europe cannot safely go on basing its diplomacy on this absurd lie which never could have been solemnly maintained except in the fog of wartime hatred which held over into 1918-19. In 1927 von Hindenburg asked Europe in conciliatory tones to investigate the facts of war guilt. In 1930 friends of peace in Europe are appealing to Hindenburg to save them from Hitler. What will be happening in 1933 if the spirit of Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Poincaré still rules Europe?

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Veal and Vinegar

Cakes and Ale: or the Skeleton in the Cupboard, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

THE BUSINESS of ferreting out resemblances between characters in a book of fiction and public personages, alive or dead, does not, fortunately, belong within the province of a reviewer; if a writer chooses to pick certain private incidents in the life of Thomas Hardy and certain other incidents in the life of Anatole France and then scramble them together into an acrid fable of the hocus pocus which goes into the fabrication of genius, that is something which concerns his conscience alone, and possibly his publicity man. The reviewer's job is a simpler one. The reviewer is, or should be, concerned only with the effort to discover what, once the author has picked his material, he has managed to make of it.

In this present case it seems to me Mr. Maugham might have made more. He has achieved a sardonic, pseudo-biographical sketch of an octogenarian man of letters whose friends and admirers have enabled him to die with intimations of immortality which are reasonably secure, while the old gentleman himself, weary and wise in experience, cares

less for the verdict of posterity than he does for the congenial surroundings of a public house and a glass of beer. It is good material; the trouble with Mr. Maugham's treatment of it is that he does not go far enough. In an admirably contrived series of flashbacks he has managed to write all around Edward Driffield, but has deliberately avoided direct contact with him; although we are permitted brief glimpses of him during his years of obscurity, although we learn that his first marriage with a sluttish barmaid was more to his liking than his second, with a nurse who devoted all her energies to the task of making him a respectable old gentleman in the eyes of the world, Driffield remains to us, as far as the actual man is concerned, as vague and nebulous a figure as Homer or the Wandering Jew. A couple of senescent winks, a lesson in how to ride a bicycle, a few matter-of-fact statements—these are the only direct clues Mr. Maugham gives us of the nature of the man. Obviously he is soft pedaling him in order to have the *vox humana* of Rosie the barmaid wife the more clearly heard, yet I cannot help feeling that neither Rosie nor the book would have suffered if Driffield had been presented in the round—not necessarily with the fires of heaven in his soul, but at least with the semblance of a personality. Certainly established reputations in art and letters rest not wholly on gaseous matter; is it possible that Mr. Maugham's reticence is due to a fear of treading admittedly difficult ground?

As a result, the book is about Rosie, the slut of a wife. Rosie is the book, and in his dealing with her Mr. Maugham is at his best, which is at times a very brilliant best; she emerges a full-blooded, genuine creature, an easy-going and affectionate animal who rarely occupies the same bed twice and has no qualms about it. "Why not be happy with what you can get?" she queries an inexperienced lover who has just begun to suspect that her tastes are catholic. "Enjoy yourself while you have the chance, I say; we shall all be dead in a hundred years and what will anything matter then? Let's have a good time while we can." She managed to have a good time up to the age of seventy; and we leave her in a flat in Yonkers, dressed to the nines with her white hair bobbed and frizzy, serenely arranging a date with a gentleman from Italy for the evening. Driffield is dead and the priests and priestesses of the cult are busily at work suppressing the evidence that Rosie's influence upon the Master was a happy and important one. Mr. Maugham is anxious to convince us that Driffield's success, the ripening and maturing of his talent, he owed to Rosie; that one actually is convinced is a considerable tribute to the author's power as a novelist.

Reading "Cakes and Ale" one is reminded, constantly and curiously, of a novel by an illustrious predecessor of Mr. Maugham's. It is not that there is any real analogy in subject matter or technique (though there is some) between the book and Butler's "Way of All Flesh," but there is a great similarity in the temper of the minds behind them. Every once in a while Mr. Maugham comes down off his perch of dignity and takes a savage swipe at contemporary authors or contemporary habits of mind and taste which has nothing to do with the subject in hand, but nevertheless strikes a familiar acid note. As when he suggests, at considerable length, that since the House of Lords is destined for abolition, the profession of literature might well be legally restricted to its members and their wives and children. "A title, even a courtesy one, can make a well known author of anyone and, it can safely be asserted, there is no better passport to the world of letters than rank." Or on the subject of beauty. "Beauty is a blind alley. It is a mountain peak which, once reached, leads

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nowhere. Too much has been written about beauty. That is why I have written a little more. Beauty is that which satisfies the esthetic sense. But who wants to be satisfied? It is only to the dullard that enough is as good as a feast. Let us face it; beauty is a bit of a bore. . . ." Might not this be Samuel Butler speaking, a Butler somewhat chastened, stripped of some of his grand illogicality and blunt contempt, speaking in accents of cold but civilized disdain?

HOWARD COXE.

The Jobless

Some Folks Won't Work, by Clinch Calkins. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

OF THE many refuges from unpleasant fact none is more convenient than the statistical method. The very process of balancing distressed human beings in columns of figures, flanked by sufficient zeros, gives the comforting illusion of having transported them to a remote sphere, in which, to all intents and purposes, they no longer exist. A million dead of famine, or two million, it makes no difference. The actuality behind the sum total is quite inconceivable.

It is so with unemployment, which term is in itself politely obscure. The figures for the Middle West are matched against those from the New England states. They have to do with cycles of depression and prosperity, with technical changes in industry, with style variations and whims of taste. They are a commonplace in the daily grist of the news. To the secure, or to those who fancy themselves secure, they have no meaning whatsoever.

Here, taken at random from thirty cities in twenty-three states, are the condensed and integrated narratives of three hundred individuals out of the unemployment column. The histories of these three hundred cases were taken down by trained observers for the National Federation of Settlements in a time of comparative prosperity, long before the market crash of a year ago. They have ceased to be "cases." Because of Miss Calkins' sensitive and skillful treatment of the material, it is possible to know something of the reality behind the term unemployment. What it means in human suffering is so clearly and sharply displayed that it is difficult to believe that anyone who reads this book and is not altogether made of stone can ever again confront unemployment statistics with complacent indifference. The total effect might so easily have been merely annoying—leaving one with the familiar and distressed sense of the incapacity of human beings to order their affairs with any intelligence—that there is cause to be grateful that the task of writing the book was assigned to a poet.

The popular belief that the unemployed are without work largely through their own shiftlessness and indolence is shown to be a smug assumption of moral superiority; a terrible Calvinist morality that imputes original sin to the damned in our economic system with the ancient decree, "Some folks won't work." Forces entirely beyond their control put these men and women onto the street. Not one drunkard, not one malingerer, not one incompetent was included. And their search for work, day after day, week after week, has a nightmare quality. Shoes wear out, pasteboard soles are substituted. When there is no money for carfare, they walk incredible distances on a vague chance of finding a job. Skilled workmen descend lower and lower in the scale, seizing eagerly upon odd jobs, two or three days on the docks or in the freight yards

at : time of seasonal rush. There is no order or system. Newspaper advertisements and dubious private employment agencies serve for the most part only to increase the confusion and the distress. It is the most difficult task in the industrial world today, finding a job.

> . . . job hunting reduces itself to a foot race, an endurance contest [Miss Calkins writes]. Though some contest nts are no longer eligible, they still run. The old, for instance. And what in common thought and parlance we mean by "old" has nothing to do with th age at which the worker is today superannuated. . . . Although science has been able to prolong our youth, the age of superannuation has come steadily down until now it is coming to be true that the man over thirty-five is ripe to be ruled out. This puts the statistician Blai ton, fifty-five, of Savannah, Georgia, beyond consideration. Well descended, well educated, with a young wife and young child, he is reduced to living in a basement and eating the food of charity, although he is still competent, conscientious and in good health. But if men in their thirties are too old for jobs, ! ow have we energy to deplore the plight of : man in his fifties?

One of the most significant facts the study brings out is that almost no one is immune from this blight. The economic machine coughs and wheezes unsteadily and new victims fall into the pit. And then how pitilessly and relentlessly their lives and the lives of those dependent upon them are stripped to the meagerest necessities that will support existence. They are like the victims of shipwreck, each on a desperate raft, fighting off hunger and cold at the last. One by one the possessions go. Cash savings first, then wedding rings and watches, next the furniture; it becomes necessary to remove to cheaper quarters, finally to one room; the mother goes to work. The last amenity is discarded in the struggle to keep body and soul together. "The story of this deterioration of standard runs through the whole inquiry," Miss Calkins writes.

The section on hunger reads like something written about another world, Gorky's "Lower Depths" or Zola's coal miners. Surely, this is not America, the fat, prosperous America that Henry Ford talks about when he goes abroad to establish a factory, preaching the gospel of higher wages and higher standards. There is the woman who wept bitterly at the settlement clinic when the nurse prescribed a diet to be followed during pregnancy; she was wondering what chances her baby would have when there was virtually no food in the house from week to week. A family in the Bronx sits down to a meal of boiled cabbage with a little meat for the father who must tramp the streets in search of work. Many of the cases came to light because the children in school were so obviously undernourished. There is Fred Johnson, who was accused by moral members of the community of loafing on street corners; his wife explained that he remained away from the house at noon because he was afraid he would be tempted to eat what she had been able to put on the table for the children.

"Remedies" for unemployment are not suggested. The purpose of the book was to show who suffers under present conditions. But Miss Calkins in her conclusion has this to say:

> Clearly, whether unemployment is controllable or uncontrollable, its ultimate burden falls upon men least able to bear it and frequently upon those in no way responsible for its incidence. Most of the great

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At the end is an article by Miss Helen Hall, director of University House, Philadelphia, describing conditions during the depression last winter in Detroit. This quantitative picture of unemployment has no power to shock the reader. It is simply a multiplication of victims; the tortures they must endure are already familiar.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

Flowering Judas

Flowering Judas, by Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MISS PORTER'S stories, here collected for the first time, have appeared during a period of some years in Transition, "The American Caravan" and in commercial magazines appreciative of distinguished writing. In each of the five stories in the present book, Miss Porter works with that dangerous stuff, unusual material. Two stories have a Mexican locale. Two contain passages which describe lapses into the subconscious and the dream. "Magic" briefly explores the survival of frayed but savage superstition. "Rope" follows the rise and fall of an hysterical mood, and "He" sets against simple human devotion an idiot's non-human power and suffering.

It is to Miss Porter's high credit that, having fixed upon the exceptional background and event, she has not yielded, in her treatment of them, to queerness and forced originality of form. With the exception of "Magic" (which I should prefer to think of as an experiment, since its effect is false, for reasons only too easily defined—the use of the fustian maid-to-mistress monologue, for one), the stories do not lean upon the doubtful prop of manner for its own sake. Miss Porter has a range of effects, but each comes through in its place, and only at the demand of her material. She rejects the exclamatory tricks that wind up style to a spurious intensity, and trusts, for the most part, to straightforward writing, to patience in detail and to a thorough imaginative grasp on cause and character. She has "knowledge about reality," and has chosen the most exacting means to carry her knowledge into form.

The fact, and the intuition or logic about the fact, are severe coördinates in fiction. In the short story they must cross with hair-line precision. However far the story may range, the fact and its essence must direct its course and stand as proof to the whole. The truth alone secures form and tone; other means distort the story to no good end and leave within the reader's mind an impression far worse than that produced by mere banality. Joyce's "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" depends wholly upon the truth of the fact; Chekhov's greatest stories, say "The Duel" and

"Lights," have command of reasons in the first place, of emotion, taste and style secondarily. The firm and delicate writing in Miss Porter's "Flowering Judas," a story startling in its complexity, were it not based on recognizable fact, would be to no purpose. As it is, its excellence rises directly from the probity of the conception. It is as impossible to question the characters of the fanatical girl and the self-loving man—the "good revolutionist," who, softened to a state beyond principle, is fit only for a career—as it is to find a flaw or lapse in the style that runs clear and subtle, from the story's casual beginning to the specter of life and death at the end. "Rope," after "Flowering Judas," is perhaps the most remarkable story in the book. It makes no claim; its integration becomes apparent only when the reader tries to recount it to himself in any other form than its own. The mood is put together so accurately that its elements cannot be recombined.

"Maria Concepción" does not entirely come up to Miss Porter's standard. A slight flavor of details brought in for their own sake mars its intensity, and one does not entirely trust Maria's simplicity of motive. For the most part, however, the stories in "Flowering Judas" can claim kinship with the order of writing wherein nothing is fortuitous, where all details grow from the matter in hand simply and in order. Miss Porter should demand much work of her talent. There is nothing quite like it, and very little that approaches its strength in contemporary writing.

LOUISE BOGAN.

Contributors

W. B. YEATS's poems appearing in this issue are to be included in a volume soon to be published.

C. F. ANDREWS, president of the Indian Trades Union Congress, is the author of "Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas" and editor of the famous statesman-sage's autobiography, "Gandhi of India: His Own Story," just published by Macmillan's.

ROBERT WOHLFORTH is editor of Our Army Magazine. He was educated at Princeton and West Point and contributes to various periodicals.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM, poet and essayist, holds a professorship of English at Vanderbilt University. His latest book, "God Without Thunder: An Unorthodox Defense of Orthodoxy," published by Harcourt, Brace, is just off the press.

T. S. MATTHEWS is literary editor of Time.

NEWTON ARVIN, assistant professor of English at Smith College and one of the most authoritative of the younger American biographers, is the compiler and editor of "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journal" and the author of "Hawthorne," recently published by Little, Brown.

MICHAEL GOLD, author of various articles and pamphlets and the books "Jews Without Money" and "120 Million," is editor of The New Masses.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, author of "History and Social Intelligence," "Living in the Twentieth Century" and many other books in the field of historical sociology, has recently added journalism to his activities, and now contributes to the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

HOWARD COXE, novelist and newspaper writer, is author of "Passage to the Sky."

MARQUIS W. CHILDS, who has done newspaper work in several middle-western cities and in New York, is now on the staff of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

LOUISE BOGAN, poet and critic, is a regular contributor to The New Republic. She is the author of two books of verse, "Body of This Death" and "Dark Summer."

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IRMA KRAFT
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"IS THE EUROPEAN THEATRE MORAL?"

Sunday Afternoon Discussion Group
Oct. 26th, at 4 P. M., IRMA KRAFT
will speak on:
"RUSSIA'S STARTLING DRAMA"
Tea will be served. Admission 50c.

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THREE-DAY CONFERENCE of the CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

October 20-22, 1930
Hotel Pennsylvania, New York

PROGRAMME

Monday, October 20
Reception 7:15 P. M.
Dinner 7:30 P. M.

The Family and Fulfillment of Personality
Presiding—Mrs. Howard S. Gans
Chairman—Frankwood Williams
Speakers—Hornell Hart
Beatrice Hinkle
H. E. Barnard
Eduard C. Lindeman

Tuesday, October 21
Afternoon Conference 2:30 P. M.
The Parent and the Changing Scene
Presiding—Mrs. Howard S. Gans
Chairman—John Withers
Speakers—Esther L. Richards
Vivian T. Thayer
Floyd H. Allport
Sidonie M. Gruenberg

Wednesday, October 22
Morning Conference 10:00 A. M.
New Trends in Child Development Research
Presiding—Mrs. Howard S. Gans
Chairman—William F. Russell
Speakers—Arnold Gesell
Mandel Sherman
George D. Stoddard
Mary Shattuck Fisher

Above meetings to be held in Grand Ball Room

—o—

ROUND TABLE CONFERENCES

Headquarters, 221 West 57th Street
Staff of the Child Study Association

Tuesday, October 21
Morning Round Table 10:00 A. M.
Content, Technique and Method of Parent Education

Wednesday, October 22
Afternoon Round Table 2:30 P. M.
Organization of Parent Education Centers and Groups

Each session will begin promptly at the time designated

Conference Registration:
50c for members
$1.00 for non-members
Dinner: $4.00

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